

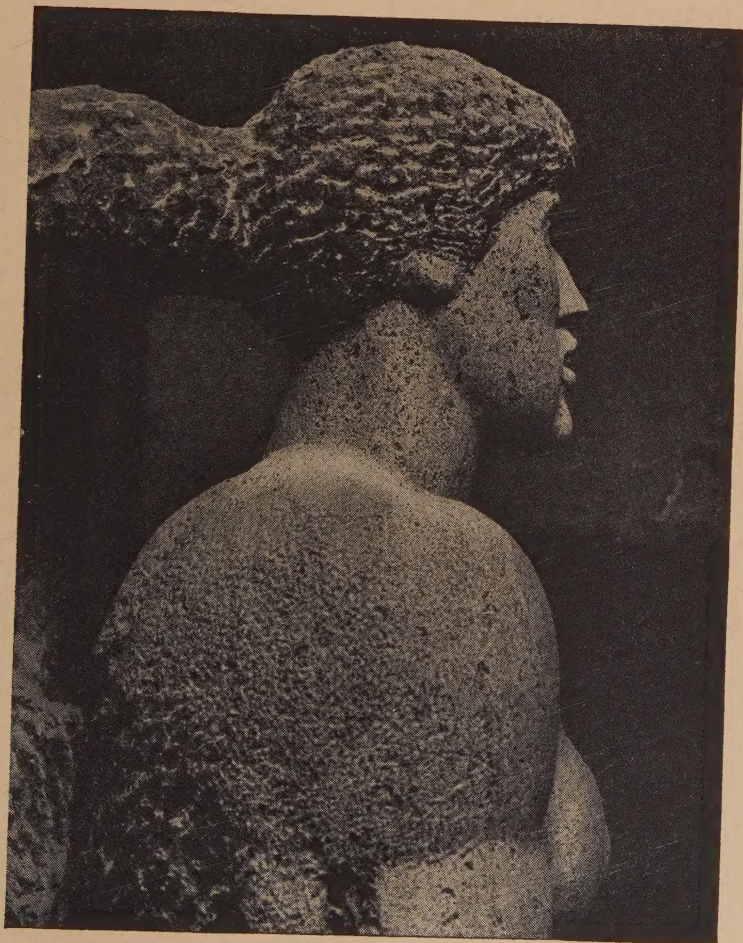
August 1935

OK

*The American Magazine of*

# ART

*Including "Creative Art"*



*Price 50 cents a copy*

*The American Federation of Arts, Washington*

---

On page 509

there is a

discussion of a

valuable

NEW

privilege

for Members of

The American

Federation of

Arts

---

## SEPTEMBER

*the International number*

### U. S. S. R.

Contemporary Soviet

Architecture

by *Arthur Voyce*

How radical is revolutionary  
architecture?

### PARIS

Four Post-Moderns

by *Dorothy Dudley*

Paris carries on

### ENGLAND

English Caricature

by *Bernard Lemann*

"England has been called a monarchy  
tempered by caricature. . ."

### BELGIUM

Modern Art at the

Brussels Exposition

by *Jean Milo*

The Belgian correspondent of *L'Art  
Vivant* writes of this summer's  
exhibitions

---

OTHER ARTICLES AND  
REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

---



---

G. H. Wolff: Female Figure (Detail)		Cover
Henry Moore: Girl		Frontispiece
Abandonment of Babel		Editorial
Seven Sculptors	By E. M. Benson	455
The Chance in a Thousand	By Forbes Watson	470
The Artist Today	By Stuart Davis	476
<i>The Standpoint of the Artists' Union</i>		
By the Light of the Oblong Moon	By J. D. Whiting	479
<i>Memories of Ultra-Modernism</i>		
Three St. Louis Artists	By Marquis W. Childs	483
Comment and Criticism		489
<i>Letters about Joint Resolution No. 220</i>		
Speaking About Art	By Philippa Whiting	492
Tools and Materials: VII-A	By Carl Walters	500
<i>Ceramic Sculpture; Preparation of the Clay</i>		
New Books on Art	Reviews by Langdon Warner	503
	Philippa Whiting, Beaumont Newhall	

*Previous issues listed in "Art Index" and "The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature"*

---

*Published Monthly by* THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

*Barr Building, Farragut Square, Washington*

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR; FIFTY CENTS A COPY

---

Postage included in the United States and possessions. Canadian postage 25 cents extra, and to foreign countries, 50 cents extra. The Magazine is mailed to all chapters and members, a part of each annual fee being credited as a subscription. Entered as second-class matter October 4, 1921, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Title Trade Marks Registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Copyright

1935 by The American Federation of Arts. All rights reserved. All manuscripts should be sent to the Editor, The American Magazine of ART, Barr Building, Farragut Square, Washington, D. C. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes, to insure return in case material may not be used. The Editors cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited material.

## ADVISORY EDITORS

VIRGIL BARKER  
RENE D'HARNONCOURT  
F. A. GUTHEIM  
FISKE KIMBALL  
FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

HENRY McBRIDE  
WILLIAM M. MILLIKEN  
PAUL J. SACHS  
LANGDON WARNER  
BRADFORD WILLIAMS

F. A. WHITING, JR., Editor  
L. B. HOUFF, JR., Director of Advertising  
*801 Barr Building, Washington, D. C.*

E. M. BENSON, DUNCAN PHILLIPS, FORBES WATSON, and  
PHILIPPA WHITING, Associate Editors

*Members of the staff can frequently be reached through our New York office in the Squibb Building, 745 Fifth Avenue. All mail should be addressed to the Washington office.*

## AUTHORS IN THIS ISSUE

E. M. BENSON, whose articles have appeared frequently in ART, as well as in other critical journals, with this issue joins the staff as Associate Editor.

STUART DAVIS, born in Philadelphia in 1894, studied painting with Robert Henri. He has painted primarily in New York, Gloucester, Paris, New Mexico, and Cuba. He is represented in many museums and private collections. He did one of the murals in Radio City Music Hall. Mr. Davis has been a leader in abstract-materialist painting in America. At present he is active in the Artists' Union and a member of the editorial board of *Art Front*.


This is MARQUIS W. CHILDS's second appearance in these pages. In the November, 1934, issue he wrote of George Caleb Bing-

ham, 19th-century mid-western painter. Mr. Childs sees art as the varying expression of social forms and changes; he sees news in the same way which makes his work for the Washington Bureau of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* outstanding. In writing of three artists from his own city he sees them as parts of a social whole while he sees them as artists.

JOHN D. WHITING lives in New Haven, Connecticut, and is a painter. In poking fun at some of the absurdities of the artistic '20's and of the extremities to which our ardor carried some of us he does a valuable service.

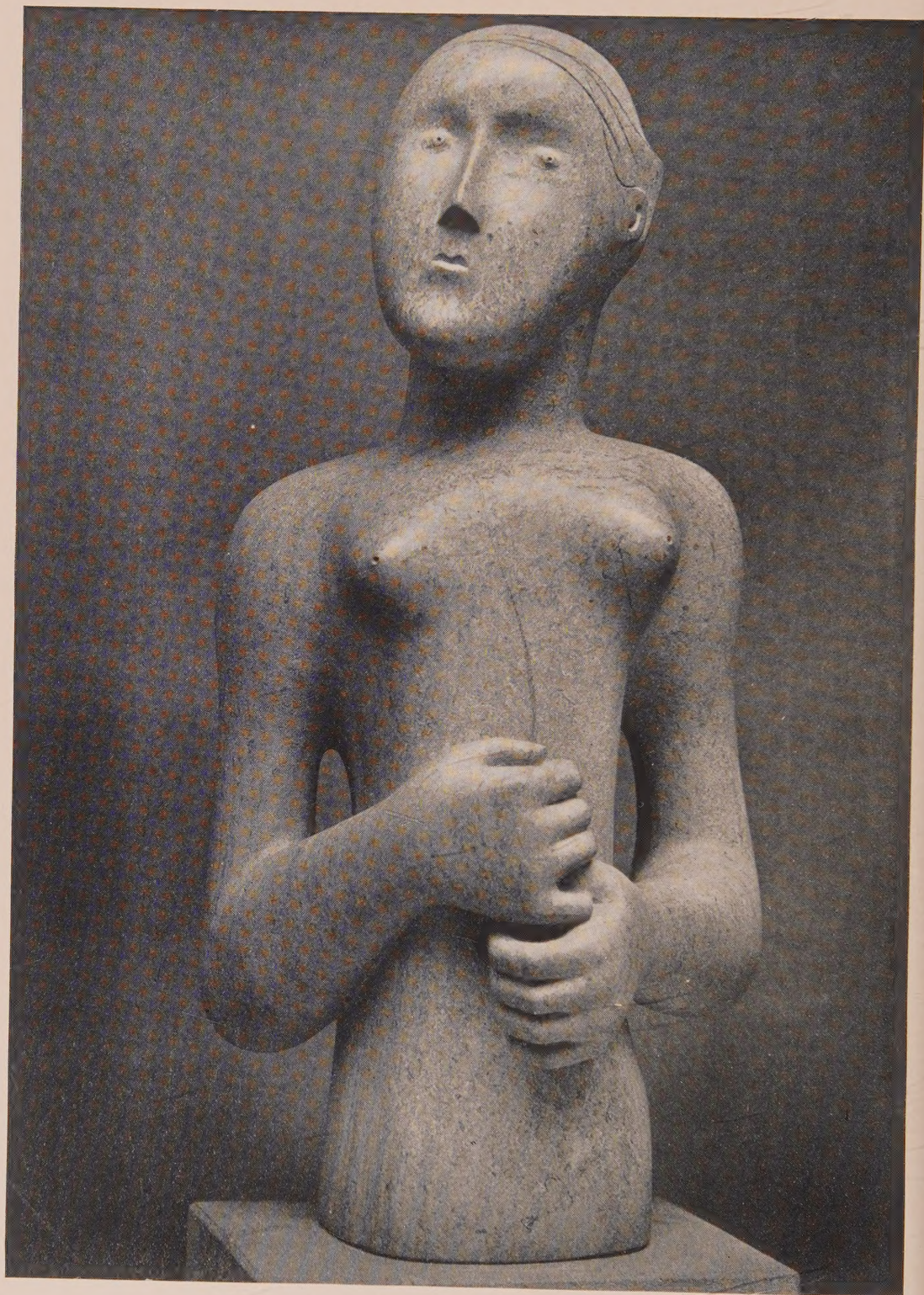
CARL WALTERS is one of America's leading ceramic sculptors and potters. His studio is at Woodstock, New York. Next month he will continue his Tools and Materials articles, dealing with how to shape, bake, and glaze the clay.





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2023





HENRY MOORE: GIRL (1931)  
Carving in Ancaster Stone. See page 466



August 1935

---

## ABANDONMENT OF BABEL

**A**CRYING need for some possible agreement on the use of art terminology in English has long been heard. But now the uproar has grown so loud that even the tempests of the art world come and go as unnoticed as a solitary insect at a picnic. So much unnecessary din is made by people who themselves hardly know the sense of the words they fling back and forth, that major issues, though certainly present, are ignored.

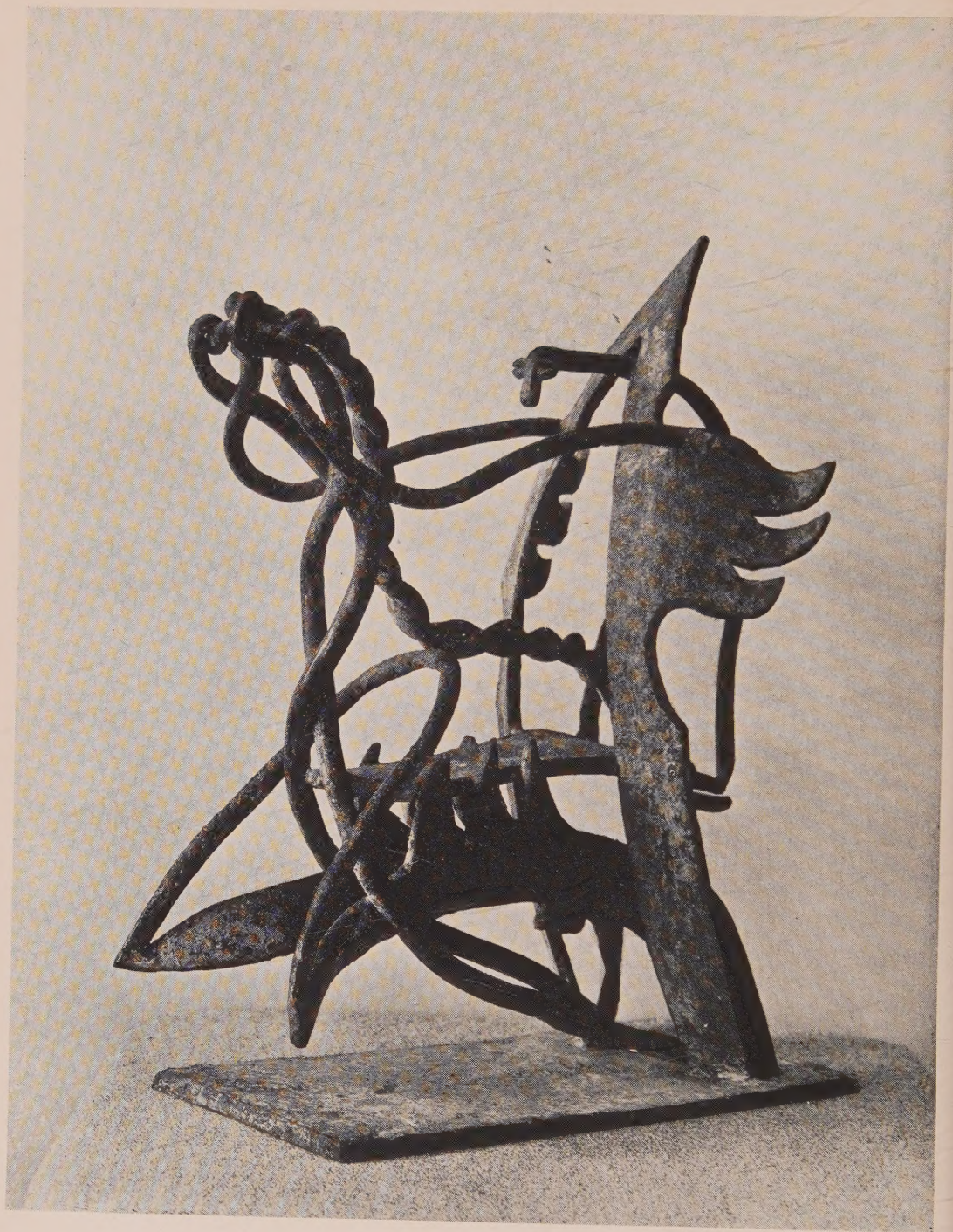
The prime example is, of course, the word "art" itself. There is little agreement upon what it means; on the face of it, then, our difficulty is pretty fundamental. Because comprehension of the whole without some knowledge of the parts is nearly impossible we had best be content to begin with the smaller, though frequently longer, words. After all, since it was recently possible for a great American art museum to give away a collection of Peruvian textiles to a not less great science museum, even the least informed of us can see that the mighty also are confused. That particular mistake could hardly be made today, but, lest we be smug, it is well to recall how comparatively recent is the acceptance of objects from the Orient as respectable items for public and private collections. "Art" is being more liberally interpreted all the time; today even the washing machine and the roller bearing exchange the garments of utility for those of art. However enlightened we may think ourselves, as members of the twentieth-century art world, we dare not forget that we are still encircled by misconceptions of "art," the word.

Encircled along with us are such words as "modern," so welcome when prefixed to a plumbing fixture or a motor car and so dangerous when attached to a painting; "formal," which can modify a dinner party as well as an aesthetic problem; "plastic," which can mean solidly sculptural or pliant. When it comes to art how many things can we not mean when we say "classic" or "romantic," "imaginative" or "realistic"? "Culture" is another one; it can mean to us the contents of a test-tube, the airs and graces which elevate us above the Joneses, or the "characteristic attainments of a people or a social order." These few examples show us our own confusion.

Yet, even following the good advice of the Fowler brothers that each of us should "resolve to use no word whose meaning he is not sure of—even though that resolve bring on him the extreme humiliation of now and then opening the dictionary," will not wholly cure the trouble. Fundamentally it is a disease, not of our language but of our restless attitudes of mind, both as social beings and as individuals. Curing the symptoms will not reach the heart of the trouble. But the dictionary may well cool the fevered brows and quiet the wailing of the demon art lovers. And in a blessed stillness we may be able to help rather than hinder the emergence of a healthy social order. From that in turn may grow the culture whose chief attainment and glory may be art. Order awaits abandonment of Babel.

F. A. WHITING, JR.





JACQUES LIPCHITZ: PEGASUS (BRONZE, 1929)  
Collection T. Catesby Jones. Courtesy Museum of Modern Art



# SEVEN SCULPTORS

CALDER :: GARGALLO :: LEHMBRUCK  
LIPCHITZ :: MANOLO :: MOORE :: WOLFF

By E. M. BENSON

## AN EXPLANATION

I SHOULD like at the outset to warn my readers against too hastily drawing the conclusion that the seven sculptors listed above represent, or are meant to represent, the pick of the international crop. All of them, to be sure, have made original and substantial additions to the sculptural ledger of our time. But it would not have been difficult to replace them with seven others whose contributions have been equally significant, though different. Nor could I have attempted to make such an hierarchic selection without playing nursemaid to the all-too-common aesthetic fallacy that sculptors, as polar in their approach to their work as Maillol and Gaudier-Brzeska, or Despiau and Mestrovic can be graded like so many newly candled eggs. There are too many elements that enter into the amalgam of sculpture for this single-standard auditing system to produce very valid results. This does not mean that critical evaluation is impossible. It does mean that you can't put every sculptor through the same aesthetic meatgrinder and expect to get anything but hash.

In making my selection I was anxious to do justice to those sculptors—necessarily a very limited number—who, for one reason or another, have never received their deserved share of critical appreciation. I am referring now primarily to America and not to England, France, Germany, and Spain which gave us all but one of our seven sculptors and where their work is considerably better known. Even in their own countries, however, most of them have been served grudging crusts of recognition, when what they required was a more nourishing diet of encouragement and understanding.

Unfortunately this seems to be more or less inevitable under any system where the art dealer acts as middleman between the artist and the public. Originality is not a profitable

commodity and the more original, the less immediately profitable; that is, unless the character of the artist's work is so revolutionary, as in the case of Brancusi, or so sensational, as in Epstein's case, that the dealer can hope to make capital of it. This non-qualitative method of selection automatically closes the door to all but very few sculptors.

Economically disenfranchised, and with little hope of establishing a living point of contact with the outside world through the existing commercial channels, the excluded artist is forced to strike out in one of two general directions: to turn in on himself, like Lehmbruck, and create a highly personal, autobiographic art; or, sensing the danger of this retreat into a subjective and potentially neurotic shell, to attempt through his art to identify himself on a broad, objective basis with the great physical and social forces in the external world. Mankind, rather than man, becomes his point of departure. His art strives to be as anonymous and yet as concrete as a monolith or a tree. Both Wolff and Manolo, and to a lesser extent, Lipchitz, Moore, and Calder took this road to travel by. Gargallo followed a middle path which skirted and often crossed the other two.

## I

It does not necessarily follow that because a sculptor is less concerned about the naturalistic human form than the abstract formal relations suggested to him by it that he is an "art-for-art-sakist." Jacques Lipchitz, for example, is far less "art-sakist" than the Maillols and Kolbes who perpetuate the Greco-Roman myth of the ideal female form. It is they who are the studio sculptors rather than Lipchitz whose visual feeling for forms comes more directly from the world he lives in, a desentimentalized age of steel and stone, woman-suffrage and Freud.

In 1909 at the age of eighteen, Lipchitz came to Paris from Druskeniki, Polish Lithu-





JACQUES LIPCHITZ: BAS-RELIEF (STONE, 1923)

One of six reliefs by Lipchitz on the façade of the Barnes Foundation, Merion, Pennsylvania

ania, and pitched his tent among the cubists of Montparnasse. Picasso, Modigliani, Braque, and Brancusi were his neighbors. Cubism, still in its infancy, was as yet a local rather than an international language. It wasn't the property of one artist more than of another. It was an artistic faith—or rather, in materialistic terminology, a conviction—which they shared in common; a conviction based on a new science of seeing and doing. I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that Cubism played an equivalent role for the arts of our century to that of Marxism on the broader stage of political economy. And just as *Das Kapital* didn't spring full-grown from the brow of Marx, so Cubism was less the product of a single individual, as is so often thought, than of a series of associated aesthetic and historical events (namely, Cézanne, Negro art, etc.) that hastened its birth.

For the young twentieth-century artist who was trying to free himself from the strait-jacket of formalized traditions and procedures, Cubism seemed the only aesthetic doctrine worth subscribing to. But Lipchitz, unlike Picasso, did not make a plaything of it. He used Cubism as Frank Lloyd Wright used steel, stone, and concrete, not to show the world what a clever fellow he was, but as materials which dictated their own laws and could embody his deepest creative perceptions.

If Lipchitz's earliest cubist sculpture was more significant sculpturally than humanly, it was mainly because he had not yet emancipated himself from the subject-matter ideology of the century-old studio tradition. Keeping this limitation in mind, his cubist sculpture surpasses in sheer formal beauty anything done in the same medium by those who were traveling on the cubist bandwagon between the years 1913 and 1918, which roughly embraces Lipchitz's cubist period.

Cubism for him was not a formula, a pass-key to every door, but a point of view and he never worked it to death. Each new piece of sculpture presented new problems which he solved, without equivocation, freshly and ingeniously. Looking over his work of this period in bronze and stone, one notices a progressive effort both to increase the number and complexity of formal relationships and to resolve them in the most elementary and direct manner possible. His first sculptures were almost wholly in the "pedestal" sculpture tradition—cylindrical or perforated volumes totally divorced from the architectural envelope of space in which they reside. In other words, his sculpture had an inner but no outer architecture. It filled an atmosphere of space but did not alter it. It was a pocket watch rather than a pendulum clock. You are able to forget the presence of the one; you



are never permitted to forget the other. It makes you constantly aware of Time, just as real architectural sculpture makes you constantly aware of Space. (We will presently see, in examining Calder's mobile sculpture, how these two concepts, Time and Space, can be sculpturally joined just as they are in the pendulum clock.) In 1916 Lipchitz carved a series of abstract stone sculptures, resembling miniature skyscraper models, which had the desired effect on his work of establishing a spatial-architectural relationship between them and their environment. His sculptures began to "do" as well as "be." They were actively as well as passively architectural.

They also became increasingly abstract. Lipchitz found that from the point of view of

sculptural organics, the geometry of man and bird was indistinguishable (Brancusi made this discovery about the same time); that the physical laws which determined human anatomy also controlled plant and animal morphology and that it was the sculptor's job to translate these universal laws into organic, sculptural terms rather than their naturalistic equivalents. This led him to work toward a greater and greater formal simplification, with the emphasis on the generalized rather than the specific human reference.

One might reasonably argue that "humanly" the sculptures which Lipchitz completed before 1930 are not particularly significant; that they are still in the studio subject-matter tradition inherited by the cubists, and that no mat-



JACQUES LIPCHITZ:  
MOTHER AND CHILD  
(STONE, 1930)

Courtesy the artist

ter how superbly the formal elements are resolved, these elements merely enclose an empty human embryo. The last five years, however, have sent Lipchitz off in a new and I believe more provocative human direction. His "Mother and Child" stone carving which he finished in 1930 heralded this new direction. When he showed this sculpture to me he said, "I should like to see this standing before a maternity hospital!" This is clearly not the wish of a studio sculptor. He was beginning to think in terms of the great masses of humanity outside the four walls of his workshop. His recent "David and Goliath" is even more concretely "social" than his "Mother and Child." It is intended to symbolize an intelligent minority force (e.g., the Jews) subduing a brutish majority force (e.g., Naziism). As Lipchitz explained it to a reporter for a Paris daily, "*J'ai réagi avec ma peau de juif pour mes frères de sang épars et pourchassés. Mais ce monstre que nous tuons, ce n'est pas seulement l'antisémitisme, c'est encore tout ce qui empêche l'homme de marcher debout.*"\* This certainly seems to signify that Lipchitz has cut the last cord that tied him to an individualist, studio-ideology. With this new insight into contemporary society, and with his inimitable command over the formal content of his work, Lipchitz is destined, if he continues to pursue this course, to be our greatest living sculptor.

## II

The Spanish sculptor, Pablo Gargallo, also fell under the Cubist spell as early as 1912, but unlike Lipchitz, he never completely recovered. As he himself has testified, "Cubism annihilated me!" But it also supplied the creative stimulus which his work needed. Because he was trained in the stuffy academies of Barcelona and Paris, Cubism was the forbidden fruit which fell temptingly into his lap. He very sensibly made the most of it. It was not easy, however, to discard in one

year what the professional pundits had hammered into him in twelve. For many months he sat in his studio trying to square off the past with the present. In the African masks which he saw during this period he seemed to find the road to artistic salvation. The very first masks which he made of sheet copper revealed an amazing technical virtuosity, which, on the basis of his limited experience with this new material, is impossible to account for. And although he also continued to work in marble and terra-cotta, the material with which he seemed best fitted to make an original contribution was unquestionably forged sheet metal.

He has since developed a method of working with this material which earned him the title, "*le ferblantier*," the ironsmith. Essentially there is very little difference between Gargallo's technical procedure and that of the old Spanish metalworkers. He heats his metal—either sheet iron or copper—with a blow torch, the modern equivalent for a furnace, twisting, pounding, and shaping the pliant material into the desired forms. The aim, of course, is to utilize every inch of the metal without cutting any away or adding any. This requires an astounding technical control over the material as well as over the forms which it is made to take. It is an Herculean creative labor and no contemporary sculptor has been able to beat Gargallo at his own game. Although it was African sculpture that supplied Gargallo with the initial impetus, and Cubism, with the methodology, it was Gargallo who forged these elements into a new and distinctly contemporaneous art.

But Gargallo's plastic sensibility and gentle wit cannot entirely disguise the less laudable element in his work—a kind of Parisian "chic." Nor did he ever entirely discard academic subject-matter. This is particularly noticeable in his wrought iron "*Bacchante*," which, aside from the dextrous and witty handling of concave and convex planes, must be looked upon as an academic nude of cubist lineage.†

\* "My Jewish skin has tingled for my scattered and persecuted blood-brothers. But the monster whom we are killing is not merely anti-Semitism, it is as well everything which hinders man from moving forward."

† A report has just reached me that Gargallo died several months ago. E. M. B.





PABLO GARGALLO:  
HARLEQUIN  
(WROUGHT IRON, 1925)  
Courtesy Curt Valentin



PABLO GARGALLO:  
BACCHANTE  
(FORGED COPPER,  
1926)  
Courtesy Curt Valentin

### III

Manolo, his full name is Manuel Martinez Hugué, is also a Spaniard and a sculptor. There his resemblance to Gargallo ends. He never saw the inside of an art school. The only training he received was what he could pick up in the dives and coffee-houses of Barcelona among pickpockets, poets, bullfighters, painters, and sculptors. He came to Paris shortly before 1910 and left it shortly afterward for Céret in the Pyrenees, a few miles from Banulys, the home of Maillol, and where Manolo has lived on and off ever since. He walked through Cubism as if it were an open door leading nowhere. He admired what his friend Picasso was doing with it, but there his interest ended. He had his own goose to cook and he was waiting until it grew fat enough to kill. During these early years, he was more of a rogue than a sculptor; or, rather, as much of one as the other. The stories which still circulate about him in Paris make Sancho Panza look like a "piker." At

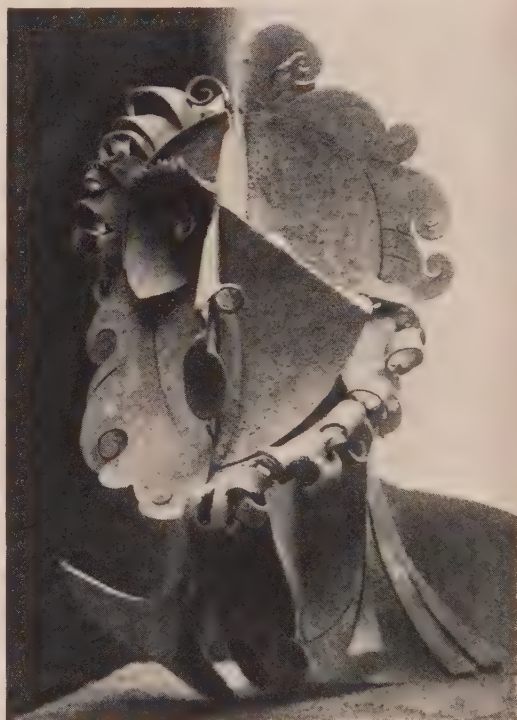
any rate, he poached on his friends and when he had the desire, painted a picture or worked in sculpture—terra-cotta and bronze figurines and bas-reliefs of Catalonian peasants, oxen, steers, dogs, bullfights and bullfighters, and female nudes—not academic ones—but women who, as Gauguin would say, have a pelvis large enough to hold a child.

Here was an art with its roots in the rich



GARGALLO: GRETA GARBO OF THE EYE-LASHES (WROUGHT IRON, 1931)

Courtesy Brummer Gallery



GARGALLO: THE PROPHET (WROUGHT IRON, 1926)

Courtesy Brummer Gallery

soil of Spanish humanity, that would look out of place in an art dealer's shop-window on Fifty-seventh Street in New York or the Rue Boétie in Paris. A crude, unsophisticated art, sombre, intense, poetic, and direct as the thrust of a *banderillero*. An unproblematic art that flowered unquestioningly in a fertile womb. One is never aware of Manolo's technique, but only of the thing he has to say. And he says it in a way that is more thoroughly satisfying, it seems to me, than Maillol's. The comparison is justifiable, I think, in





MANOLO: THE BULLFIGHT (BAS-RELIEF IN TERRACOTTA, 1921)

Courtesy Curt Valentin

view of the fact that they both draw their nourishment from the same soil, live among the same people, and choose similar types for their art. But where Maillol tends to make museum nudes of his hardy Catalonian peasants and stamp most of them out of the same mould, Manolo's interpretations seem closer to the sculptural and human truth. I am inclined to regard Maillol as a highly overrated artist and Manolo, a sadly underrated one. I hope the future will correct this injustice to one of Spain's finest sculptors.

#### IV

Wilhelm Lehmbruck, on the other hand, is the victim of excessive idolatry. Since his death by suicide in the spring of 1919 in his thirty-eighth year, so many rhetorical tears have been shed in his memory by German art critics that it is almost impossible to disentangle the man from the myth. His im-

portance lies in the fact that he was the first German artist to create a wholly personal sculptural style that was not a redistillation of the oversqueezed neo-Classical and Baroque lemons. He played a parallel rôle in Germany to Maillol in France and Manolo in Spain.

This was not accomplished overnight, and Lehmbruck absorbed much from the past which he later slowly discarded. He ran through a whole gamut of influences, cutting his eye-teeth on Hildebrand,\* Rodin, the Belgians, Minne and Meunier, the painter, Hans

\* Adolf von Hildebrand (b. 1847-d. 1921)—the neo-classical sculptor who exerted a dominant influence on the young men of his day and whose book *The Problem of Form*, published in 1893, was the aesthetic and technical bible for all German sculptors who subscribed to the neo-classical formula. Unfortunately he was a better analyst than a sculptor. He carried on the tradition of Phidias, Scopas and Praxiteles so well that he lost his own identity.



MANOLO: THE VIOLONCELLIST, PICHOT  
(BRONZE, 1926)

Courtesy Curt Valentin

Below

MANOLO: CATALONIAN (TERRACOTTA, 1926)

Courtesy Curt Valentin



von Marées, Egyptian sculpture and German Gothic, Donatello, and perhaps Maillol and Brancusi whose work he very probably saw in Paris between 1910 and 1914, the years of his residence there. For a young artist born into a world that was being overrun with bad public monuments and portrait busts and who, like Maillol, spent ten good years of his life in art schools, I think he showed exceptionally good taste in selecting his heroes.

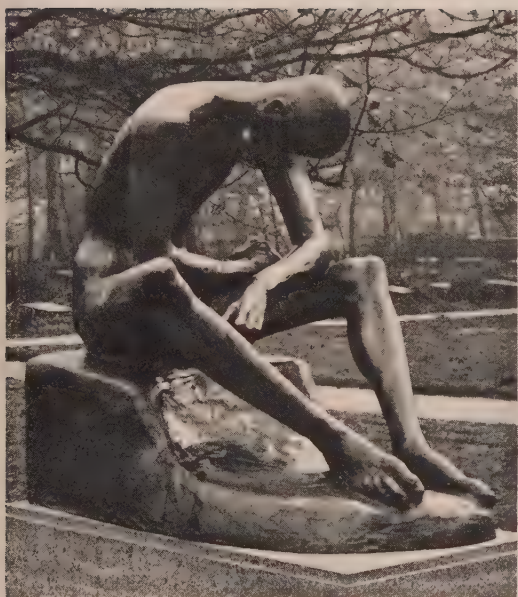
Until 1909 his work was comparatively unimportant. It consisted of Michelangelesque nudes with distended muscles, sensitively modeled female nudes à la Hildebrand and Rodin (somewhere along in 1904 he wrote a very bad poem to an equally maudlin piece of sculpture by Rodin, "The Kiss"), heroic Wagnerian figures, proletarian subjects of beggars, wizened old women, miners (Lehmbruck's father was a miner from the town of Meiderich near Duisburg in Westphalia) largely inspired by such naturalistic literature of the period as Zola's *Germinal* and Hauptmann's *The Weavers*. In 1909 his work began to take on a distinctly original character of its own. It was already apparent that the nude figure was a symbol for him, a symbol of his own inner life, of the romantic myth of ideal womanhood. A confused idealism which later led to his untimely death. Into the nude he read all his hopes and frustrations. It was a diary in which he inscribed his innermost feelings.

Between 1910 and 1919 he completed about thirty pieces of sculpture, all but two or three being nudes. The first one to show a mature and comparatively uninfluenced plastic idiom was his "Kneeling Woman" completed in Paris in 1911. Where previously he treated the human form unproblematically as a closed, static cylinder, it is now broken up into harmoniously proportioned counterpoint masses and planes so disposed as to create an unbroken circuit of rhythmic movement. One was no longer aware of breasts, abdomen, arms, and legs as literal physical constituents of the human form, but only as related organic coefficients contained within a disciplined sculptural unit and inhabited by the spirit of woman rather than her body. *The woman became a plastic symbol for woman.*



LEHMBRUCK: TORSO (ARTIFICIAL  
STONE, 1913-14)

Collection Marie Harriman Gallery



LEHMBRUCK: SITTING YOUTH  
(BRONZE, 1916-18)

Duisburg Cemetery



LEHMBRUCK: KNEELING WOMAN  
(ARTIFICIAL STONE, 1911)

Courtesy Weyhe Gallery



G. H. WOLFF: FEMALE FIGURE (DETAIL, CARVING IN LIMESTONE, 1928)

Inset: Front View of Complete Figure. Collection Hagemann, Frankfurt

This changing emphasis was heightened and made even more architecturally abstract in the fragmented "Female Torso" of 1913-1914. Slightly sentimental, perhaps, from the neck up, but modeled with great sensitivity. Compared with the "Sitting Youth" of several years later, the torso seems mannered and slightly "modish." Here at last was structural abstraction on a deeper and broader human basis. Slowly but surely Lehmbruck had felt his way along toward an art which, he hoped, would express the "monumental" and "heroic" spirit of his age. The war years shattered this illusion, as it did also the

romantic myth of the ideal woman. Suicide was the price he paid for blindness. Had he looked more closely into the heart of humanity and less into his own, he would have discovered that death by defeat is no answer to life.

## V

The German sculptor, G. H. Wolff, whose entire life was an intense and fearless struggle with reality, could have told him that. Bourgeois, romantic ideals were not the things he cherished. His vision was as direct and clear as his sculpture. Naturally when he turned



toward the arts of the past for nourishment, or confirmation of his own goal, he chose those which came out of an equally healthy, unsentimental and balanced acceptance of life. "*Von jenseits der Griechen und Inder komme ich her,*" \* he wrote. Which was his way of

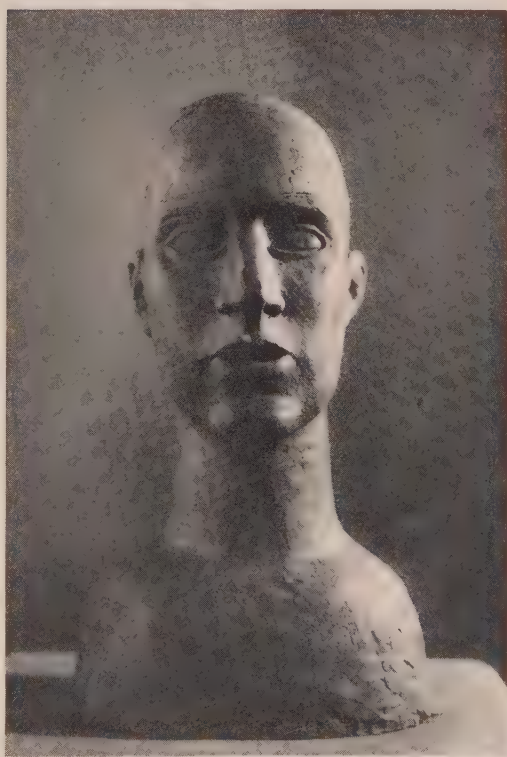
Like many another sculptor, Wolff began by being a painter. His first sculptures, figurines carved in wood, date from 1920. These small carvings, later cast in bronze, have a bigness that their size belies. They contained the seeds of monumentality which the ensuing years were to fructify. Of the large stone carvings which Wolff completed between 1926 and 1930, he fulfilled himself most completely, I think, in the "Female Figure." As pure carving there was no sculptor in Germany, neither Barlach, nor Kolbe, nor Marcks, who could have excelled it. But most of the art dealers, patrons, and museum officials thought differently. Heroic sentiment or sophistication were the requisites for popular recognition. Wolff could supply neither. As a result he received few commissions after 1928 and none, as far as I know, after 1930. Nazi Germany would like to forget that Wolff was a Jew. She cannot forget that he was her most distinguished contemporary sculptor.



G. H. WOLFF: ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE  
(BRONZE, 1927)

Collection Folkwang Museum, Essen

saying that he identified himself as a creative entity with all those civilizations whose arts were more the expression of a people, than a person. He was a German but his creative spirit soared beyond national boundaries. Perhaps that was the reason why his own countrymen failed to appreciate his work as they did Lehmbruck's. In the Soviet Union where he spent two years of his life shortly before his death in March of 1934, he found the understanding and encouragement which Germany failed to give him.



G. H. WOLFF: PORTRAIT, FRAU AGNES  
(TERRACOTTA, 1930)

Collection Museum für Kunst und Gewerbe, Hamburg

\* "I come here from beyond Greece and India."





HENRY MOORE: RECLINING WOMAN  
(CARVING IN GREEN HORNTON STONE, 1930)

Courtesy the artist

## VI

Max Sauerlandt, recently deceased director of the Museum für Kunst und Gewerbe in Hamburg, who was the first person in Germany to recognize Wolff's talents, was also one of the first to call attention to the sculpture of the Englishman, Henry Moore. Moore is perhaps the most gifted of the young sculptors who are now attempting to make England safe for Superrealism. The super-realistic content of Moore's work is rather small as yet, but this little spore shows dangerous promise of becoming a big mushroom before very long. Which would be regrettable because Moore is England's white hope in the field of sculpture, and justifiably so.

When Meier-Graefe in 1901 wrote: "there is no plastic art in England; the 19th century produced but one solitary sculptor, Alfred Stevens, and he left nothing behind him," he never dreamt, nor did others, that England could within a single generation produce a John Skeaping, a Lambeth, a Barbara Hep-

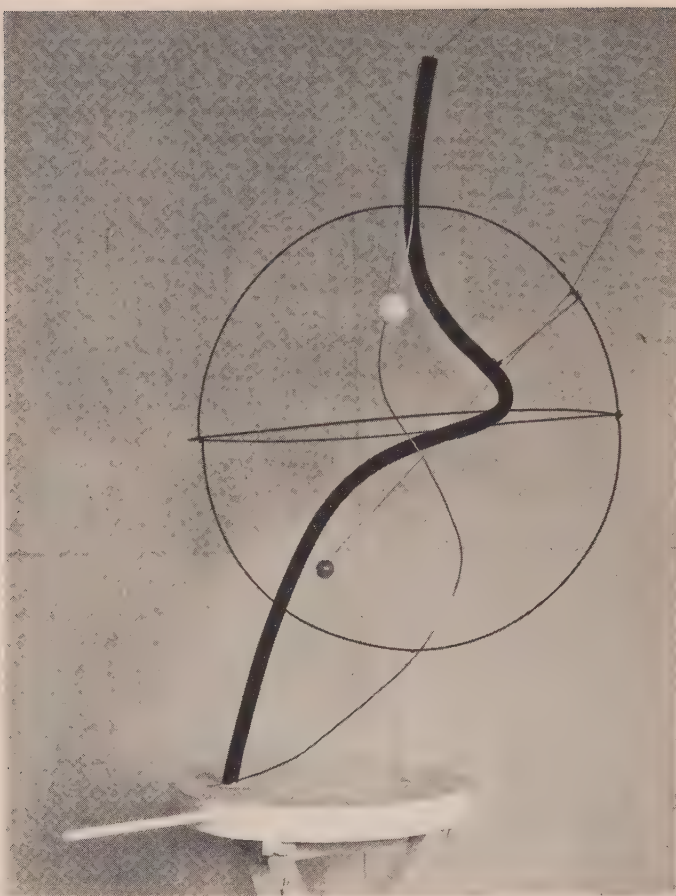
worth, an Underwood, and a Henry Moore. Moore came on the scene, sculpturally speaking, less than a decade ago. Although his earliest work showed no great originality, it did indicate that Moore was feeding on some of the best artistic sources, (e.g., Mexican, etc.) that he was a craftsman to be reckoned with, and that he was going after something which the Austin Dobsons and Eric Gills couldn't possibly understand. Since Moore had to begin somewhere, it was much wiser to take his cue from the Mexicans than to revamp Maillol or water down English ecclesiastical art. By 1930 Moore was almost standing on his own feet. During the next three years he developed a sculptural idiom that was wholly his own. His carving of a "Girl" in Ancaster stone (1931) can leave no doubt in anyone's mind that Moore has the stuff of which great sculptors are made. His more recent work has become increasingly abstract. Here he seems to have hit his highest note in the "Carving in Walnut" (1933). Neither



HENRY MOORE: CARVING IN WALNUT (1933)

Courtesy the artist





ALEXANDER CALDER:  
MOBILE CONSTRUCTION  
ELECTRICALLY PROPELLED  
(WIRE, PIPING, AND  
WOOD; 1934)

Collection Museum of Modern Art

Brancusi nor anyone else has interpreted the spirit of the human torso with greater feeling for the texture of the material and the structural use to which it can be put. Moore has recently gone off on a superrealistic excursion. I hope, as an admirer of his work, that it will be a short one. He has far too much talent to waste it in the service of a movement that is dead, but does not know it.

## VII

The experimental value of Alexander Calder's work is greater than even he himself may be aware of. A sculptural playboy by temperament, he races through bright ideas without attempting to keep track of them. But beneath his *épater-le-bourgeois* shell—seven years in Paris are partly responsible for this—there is a prodigiously fertile and

original artist and one whose work may one day revolutionize the methodology of sculpture construction.

Calder is an American and, as you may very well guess from his electrically propelled sculptures, a graduate engineer who came to the arts after four years of field work in engineering. He received his first dose of pedagogy at the Art Students' League from Sloan, Boardman Robinson, Luks, and Du-Bois. This vaccination didn't seem to take, for he was off to Paris in 1926 and remained there until the summer of 1933.

Calder learnt his trade in Paris not by sitting at the feet of some ascetic old drillmaster but by starting from scratch with the simplest possible plastic material—wire, which he twisted into witty and satirically silhouetted forms. By slow degrees, Calder developed his sculptures from single-dimensioned wire constructions to multiple-dimensioned concep-

tions, strands of wire which sliced the air into varying spatial depths. Although his forms were still based on naturalistic prototypes, he was beginning to use empty space, not as a cavity to be filled with a solid sculptural mass, nor as a curtain against which mass is defined, as in a bas-relief, but as a structural component of the work itself. But, as Calder soon discovered, this material, wire, when used alone had several inherent limitations: it was too insubstantial to catch and hold the light; it permitted of no variation in surface texture; its range of plastic expression was too narrow; and, most important of all, it lured one into the sterile pastures of stylization.

Aware of these limitations Calder, in the fall and winter of 1930, turned completely to abstract constructions in space, both static and mobile, using a wide range of materials—wood, sheet metal, glass, wire, piping, etc., singly and in combination. He also introduced color into his work, usually primary colors, which were either applied to his forms or inherent, such as fragments of vari-colored

glass. Some of his electrically driven mobiles are a cross between painting and sculpture, and the effect is that of seeing a canvas of metal against which reversible surfaces of color are revolved or from which colored balls intermittently lunge and retreat, like so many cuckoos announcing the hour. The sequence is continuous and at each point in the sequence a unified sculptural composition is created. In the summer of 1934, Calder began working on objects to be placed in the open and operated by the wind.

What Calder has done in his mobile constructions is to combine the concept of active space with the concept of active time; a perfectly legitimate and logical twentieth-century development and one which, if properly understood and intelligently applied, may prove to be as important for the future of sculpture as the addition of sound was to the silent cinema. Perhaps some of the sculpture of the future will more nearly resemble an electrified version of grandfather's pendulum clock than the sculpture of Michelangelo.

ALEXANDER CALDER:  
MOBILE CONSTRUCTION ELECTRICALLY  
PROPELLED  
(WOOD, TUBING,  
SHEET-METAL, AND  
WIRE; 1934)



Courtesy the artist





CLARENCE H. CARTER: STUDY FOR PANEL, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO, POST OFFICE

Mr. Carter was born in Portsmouth. He went to the Cleveland School of Art and has lived in Cleveland since 1929. He is a regular exhibitor in the famous Cleveland May Shows, in which he has won twelve first prizes. Of late years he has also contributed to important exhibitions in other parts of the country. All photographs for this article are reproduced through the courtesy of the Treasury Department, Procurement Division, Section of Painting and Sculpture

## THE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND

By FORBES WATSON

IS THERE not some motto to the effect that competition is the life of trade? If so, the trade of art illustrates it curiously indeed. The artist has ample competition, but he is not alone in tasting its sweets and dregs. When competition leads the manufacturer to over-produce, he becomes the victim of his own miscalculation. The over-production of art, on the other hand, has nothing to do with market miscalculations. It is in part the result of the irresistible romantic appeal which the professions of art have for countless young ladies and gentlemen who are not foreordained to be artists. And it is in part the outgrowth of a positive irritation which these romantic souls, who will never know the joys of first-rate craftsmanship, naturally feel toward the mere thought of associating so rotarian a quality as efficiency with the creations of their incorruptible egos. These mildly-intelligent dreamers and predestined amateurs constitute the immense army of art's hangers-on. They have helped to create for the artists a maze of distracting competition. By reflecting upon some comparisons between the commerce in ordinary goods and the flightier commerce in art, we may discover an exit from the maze wherein the artist now dwells. First, how did he arrive there? Second, how shall he find the way out?

When the automobile manufacturer goes to the expense of competing in an exhibition, he expects sales and beneficial advertisement. Results can be tabulated. If, year after year, the public did not buy his cars and the press did

not proclaim his display, he would cease exhibiting. The exhibition is one of many selling devices utilized by the manufacturer. Every hour his salesmen and agents puff his wares. His merchandise enjoys the advantage over art of being made to meet a demand. An ascertainable amount of it will be purchased in a given time under given conditions. But his sales, like the sales of art, are subject to our national mania for the known name, for it appears that, even in the buying of goods about which he has practical knowledge, the buyer is swayed by the purchased fame of the maker.

In dealing with the "necessities of life," competitive advertising seems extravagant to those who have not the key to the sales, but the question of extravagance is soon settled by facts. A campaign of publicity pays or it does not pay; if the increase in business does not justify its cost, it is abandoned. These complicated campaigns, sometimes called educational like almost everything else in America, are frequently far-sighted and patient and are not necessarily based on instant returns. Occasionally, after listening to the lamentations of artists over the results of an exhibition, one wonders whether they are not more short-sighted about the advantages of advertising than are the devisers of worldly products.

Turning from prosaic needs to the business department of the artist, if so vulgar a practicality can be said to exist, we discover that, although the artist utilizes methods evolved

by dealers in necessities, custom permits him, in addition, to play upon the element of personality to an extent which makes the everyday merchant thoroughly envious. The commonplace capitalist is too responsible a member of society to indulge in any but the most boring virtues and to him the volumes of free publicity devoted to the idiosyncrasies of the artist are a constant source of bewilderment and irritation. Pear's Soap and Bovril spent millions for an international fame which did not compare in extent with the publicity which that genius of advertising, Whistler, gained through a monocle and a lock of hair.

Materially speaking, painting and sculpture are not classified as necessities. Whatever their need may be as civilizing enrichments, however much they may add to the enjoyment and cultivation of those who see and understand them, they do not keep the house warm in winter, or the feet dry in wet weather. They do not feed the empty stomach. Their possession does not help us to make a living. For this reason the market for works of art, instead of being based upon a continuing nation-wide demand, has its foundation in the intangible demands of the imagination and the vision of the "passionate few." If we call the market for the necessities the body's market we can say, with equal truth, that art satisfies the needs of the spirit of those who do not look upon it as a luxury but as a delight which, once enjoyed, cannot be resisted.

Success in the selling of art depends to a disproportionate extent upon the fame of the

painter or the sculptor. The man who likes his automobile stamped with the name of a famous maker, his radio by a celebrated manufacturer, also likes his pictures and his sculpture signed by internationally known men and women. Few people are immune from that particular vanity which, incidentally, has the redeeming quality of showing that the coarser processes of life are powerless to overcome the perpetually childlike nature of men and women.

If there is any truth in the thought that the pride of the acquisitive makes the known more desirable than the unknown, it becomes at once apparent that to be known helps the artist's sales. That is why you often hear artists say that they would rather be knocked by a critic than not noticed by him, and why the most damning thing you can say to a collector is that you never heard of the artist who painted one of his pictures. But, quite aside from such heinous evocations, to be known is not unpleasant to the artist's spirit. His bearing is transformed, his eyes regard more confidently, and, this side of fatuity, he is a better worker for a reasonable share of the public's esteem. He is less lonely, less self-dependent. But the desirable glow of being somebody does not emanate exclusively from the creative flame. Even the producer of masterpieces, if he stacked them in his studio, could not expect, by such a secretive procedure, to be blessed with the benefits of the celebrated. Like commoner mortals, though he shudder at so brazen a thought's being asso-



GERALD FOSTER: STUDY FOR PANEL, FREEHOLD, NEW JERSEY, POST OFFICE

After graduating from Princeton, Mr. Foster entered the National Academy of Design and the Art Students' League. He later won a fellowship from the Tiffany Foundation and in 1933 became an instructor in Fine Arts at the summer school of the Rhode Island State College. He completed seven oils and one etching for the PWAP



ciated with his high calling, he needs to announce his wares. Unlike the poet, he has no publisher to send forth laudations and news releases of his comings and goings. Yet even as the humble baker publicly declares his trade, the artist is forced to permit the world to know of his sculpture or his pictures. And many and manifold are the devices to which

order to boost his sales. That's why responsible critics do not write forewords to dealer exhibitions and why such advertisements have fallen into disrepute. Less than frank, the bought-and-paid-for introduction to such a show would avail more if, after its concoction, it were given its right name—a blurb.

If we compare the evolution which brings



RICHARD ZOELLNER: STUDY FOR PANEL, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO, POST OFFICE

Like Mr. Carter, Mr. Zoellner was born in Portsmouth. After leaving high school, he entered the Cincinnati Art Academy, where he received two scholarships. Later he won a scholarship from the Tiffany Foundation. He now has the Children's Class in Color and Design at the Cincinnati Art Museum. He is doing another panel for the same building

his profession has given its sanction for the dual purpose of combating the disadvantages of the artificial relationship of the artist to his public—and of realizing its advantages.

Advertising, to give the everyday name to the artist's ingenious modes of wooing fame, is an important department of his profession. It is not designated by so vulgar a term. When, for example, a lady or a gentleman holds a one-man show and a convert writes a foreword to the catalogue, its purpose is to puff the artist, not to estimate him. There is no effort to write sense. The aim is to smear a kind of calligraphic frosting over the personality and achievements of the exhibitor in

the artist to such a position of public acceptance that at last his work has marketability, we shall find that, although shrouded in ambiguity, it parallels the development of the frankly commercial merchant at so many points that the worldly and the unworldly appear to grasp hands. Trading in pictures and sculpture is so equivocal because it involves two contradictory efforts. On the one side is the keen desire to consummate a sale, on the other multifarious pretensions. The franknesses of everyday life are lost. In their place is set up a fake relationship growing out of the habitual attempt to dress up commerce, when it involves art, in make-believe disin-

terestedness. So far has this developed that some salesmen make of their shops—commonly called galleries—places where only “ohs,” “ahs,” whisperings and hooey are cultivated. To go from the most flagrant of these picture and sculpture shops to a lowly shoe gallery is like going from hot air to the air-cooled.

The capitalistic system rather prides itself on the intensity of its high state of competition and nowhere is it carried to such extremes as in the marketplaces of art. Some of the reasons why have already been suggested—the fickleness of the market for art, the fact that the business methods of the artist and his agents are so thickly veiled in reticences and dual purposes. There are other points.

When youths decide to be doctors, lawyers, teachers, they may not make a scientific study of the opportunities in their chosen fields, but they are likely to make a cursory investigation to find out if the profession is too overcrowded to receive additional novitiates. Many circumstances affect the decision to enter a profession. But to no other are the romantic so powerfully attracted as to such individualistic professions as painting, sculpture, music, writing. When a young lady or gentleman decides to be an artist, all of the quixotic ideals with which, at that exciting moment, he or she is likely to be overburdened, are outraged when a hardened elder asks what are the chances of making a living. The embryonic painter or sculptor considers himself unworthy of the genius that calls him to his chosen tasks if he begins by weighing the one-in-a-thousand chance of success. He is elected to his noble calling by right of his genius. To impinge upon his transcendental ambitions with questions of harsh dollars and cents wantonly insults his finer feelings.

The number who attempt to become artists has no discernible ratio to the demand for art. The lawyer, doctor, for better or for worse, is compelled to complete severe studies, to pass straining examinations, to undergo a hard apprenticeship sufficient to test the will-power and the mental capacity, to prove whether, quite undreamily, he wishes to be a doctor or a lawyer. No such tests face the aspiring artist. At every stage in his career he can re-

treat from too difficult problems into the consoling conviction that he is a genius. He can, if he insists, account for every rebuff by convincing himself that he is not appreciated by a world incapable of understanding. So we have, added to the artificialities, the exaggerations, the misconceptions that once in a great while color the artist's dealings with the world, an unsubstantial market, in which luck and chance intensify competition, and an ever-increasing army of men and women who are impelled romantically to take the thousand-to-one chance of winning success as artists.

When doctors and lawyers are prepared to enter their chosen professions, they frequently limit themselves to a specialized department. They do not attempt, nowadays, to practice medicine in all its branches, or every phase of the law. Their decision to select a specialty is influenced by the demand for skilled specialists and probably also by the advice of some more experienced senior. Hit-or-miss as the process may be, the average professional man, always excepting the artist, attempts to find an opening which will make it possible to earn a living. The artist does not proceed thus.

Art has become misleadingly graded into higher and lower levels. This false grading has had a powerful effect in tempting artists to enter what are arbitrarily considered the higher fields of art and to dodge the misnamed lower fields of art, as if even by being bad sculptors, to make an extreme comparison, they were necessarily placing themselves on a higher level than the finest so-called craftsman; or as if, in the mere act of deciding to become painters, they inevitably were rendered superior to the most distinguished illustrator. Such ideas are viciously misleading and have had vicious results. The truth is that the superiority comes, not automatically from the false classification of the arts, but from the quality of the man. The art does not exist until the man has made it. And the superior man puts more into a modest piece of pottery than an inferior man can put into the western portal of a cathedral. It would be no trick at all to select fashion artists whose work is superior to the type of inept painter who believes that, by the mere act of embracing paint and canvas instead of ink and paper, he



can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Until this misguided notion is entirely dissipated, many artists, undoubtedly, will consecrate themselves to failure and all for the reason that they have not the brains to realize that a lifetime of shooting at the wrong star is not very valuable to themselves, or to anybody else. The career of the artist has been rendered doubly difficult through unwillingness to realize the transparent fact that a beautifully designed vase in which there is feeling and comprehension is superior to a piece of sculpture which is pretentious and without understanding. Such a misapprehension can be compared to that other wrong idea that one medium *per se* is superior to another medium. Some artists seem to think that there is something sacred about true fresco. Other artists have a superstitious belief that the spacious mural is in itself more important than the now much-maligned still-life. In the end, quality alone counts, and M. Fantin La Tour could paint a rose on a minute canvas which means more to the world than miles of inept murals. Cézanne could put into the painting of an apple more significance than the Coxes and the Blashfields of this world could put into miles of wall paintings.

I only insist on such self-evident facts because so many people today are losing track of the axiom that in the end it is quality which counts, not quantity. While we are in the

throes of a mural movement which has splendid possibilities, it may not be unwise to reflect that high quality and small dimensions have more permanence than mere quantitative strutting. The age-long debate of whether it is better to paint three apples on a plate or to paint a Crucifixion will go on and many people will continue to believe that a great failure is nobler than a small success. But the empty-headed and cold-hearted will add nothing to their stature by pretentious space covering, nor will the genuine, intelligent, perceptive, and sensitive artist say less because he happens to have chosen modest means of expression.

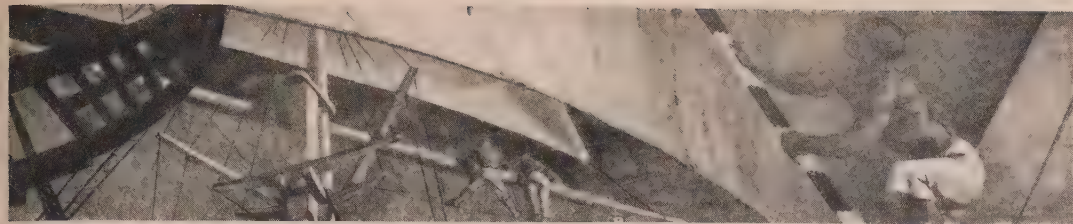
If the past teaches us anything, it teaches us that the means which the artist selects will be sufficient to express the artist's greatness if he is great. We find Chinese bronze vessels more imposingly sculptural than many a multi-figured group of life-sized marbles. We find little portraits, little still-lives, little landscapes, whose intensity and quality make the vast murals of the palatial rooms in which they hang seem to be pretty "cold hash." So long as these points, which everybody knows, are clouded in doubt, so long as the misguided notion of rating art according to medium and avowed purpose persists, the competitive life of the artist will continue to resemble a battle between windmill tilters.

In whatever direction we turn, we find that the competition of the artist has been vastly increased because the whole profession has



HENRIK MARTIN MAYER: STUDIES FOR TWO PANELS, MARINE HOSPITAL, LOUISVILLE

Mr. Mayer is an instructor in drawing, painting, and composition in the John Herron Art School, Indianapolis, and is also the assistant to the director. He formerly taught drawing and composition in Cooper Union. These are only two of eight panels



TOM LA FARGE: STUDY FOR PANEL, NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, POST OFFICE

The son of Bancel La Farge and grandson of John La Farge, Tom La Farge was born in Paris in 1904 and lived in Europe until 1915. His fresco in the New York Hospital is said to be the first true fresco in a public building by an American in America. This panel is one of a series

reached such an unorganized and individualistic point of development. With the vast cohorts of men and women now entering the profession in a state of highly individualized romanticism, the chances of success are less than one thousand to one. A heart-rending competition, with all the unreasonable disappointments that it brings, is too frequently their lot. From the first time when he gets up his courage to show his work to a metropolitan dealer and receives, at best, patronizing advice, from the early sad days when jury exhibitions habitually reject his offerings, to the day when he is placed upon the invited list and becomes a possible competitor for a prize, the artist knows what the ordinary business man never knows. He knows the mocking hollowness of an intensive competitive system which at no point offers a basis upon which future results can be measured. Out of this hurly-burly, to which an unstable public taste contributes one more disturbing element, the artist often succeeds in acquiring a reputation which would seem to presuppose the fact that he could make a living. But this era is much quicker in manufacturing reputations than in giving artists support, and men of talent, whose work has been before the public for years, have found themselves so hard-up that they were only too delighted to accept positions as teachers far from the deadening competition of the great metropolitan marketplace.

It was in such a highly colored, overcrowded, bitterly disappointing competitive world that the artist found himself enmeshed when the Treasury Department of the U.S.A. initiated the Section of Painting and Sculpture, under the able administration of Edward Bruce. For the first time, so far as I

know, the American artist is being given an opportunity to enter into competitions which, in place of the over-speculative competitive world in which he formerly worked, offers to him a fair opportunity to compete with his fellow artists in a just and healthy manner.

The U. S. Government has a large number of post offices, court houses, and other buildings in which there are opportunities for wall paintings and for sculpture, and to which money for these purposes has been allocated. In the ordinary private competition, the artist has his thousand-to-one chance. If he does not win, he loses. Not so with the Treasury Department's Section of Painting and Sculpture. To explain this paradoxical statement requires going into the theory of the Section of Painting and Sculpture. The simple purpose of that Section is to secure the best American art obtainable for Federal buildings and, in doing this, Admiral C. J. Peoples, Director of the Procurement Division, and Edward Bruce, Consulting Expert of the Section of Painting and Sculpture, are agreed upon the desirability of encouraging the local artist wherever that is possible without lowering standards. In carrying out this purpose, what happens?

The Section of Painting and Sculpture appoints a regional chairman who knows the artists of his region and what their accomplishments promise. This regional chairman, in turn, selects a small committee, announces the competition, and informs the artists in the region. The competition is begun, is completed; the winner is announced. And then, and only then, is the name of the winner known. For all competitors submit unsigned,

*(Continued on page 506)*



# THE ARTIST TODAY

The Standpoint of the Artists' Union

By STUART DAVIS

THIS article deals with the artistic, the social, and the economic situation of the American artist in the field of fine arts, regarding the situation in the broadest possible way, and does not intend to stigmatize individuals except as they are the name-symbols of certain group tendencies.

The most superficial contact with artists makes it clear that the artist today is in a state of confusion, doubt, and struggle. He is not alone in his plight but has the respectable company of business men, chambers of commerce, politicians, congresses, presidents, and supreme courts. In short, the artist participates in the world crisis.

The immediate past of the American fine-artist was briefly as follows—he came in general from families of the lower middle class who could afford to send their children to art school, in many cases to European schools. These schools were, in their nature, schools of the middle class, and it is also generally true that the art taught in these schools was oriented towards the middle class. Consequently the work of the future artists was supposed to be absorbed by that class through the appropriate commercial channels. This does not mean, of course, that the middle class as a whole were art patrons; it means that the upper strata of the class, who were the wealthy art buyers, still retained their lower middle class psychology and were qualitatively one with the class as a whole in culture.

Thus the artist exercised his talents within the framework of the middle class culture. Still-lives, landscapes, and nudes were the chief categories of subject matter, and the artists competed freely against each other for originality within this framework of subject material. In addition, there were of course the different schools of theory and method such as the impressionists, the post-impressionists, the Cézanneists, the Cubists, the *Surrealists*, and always the reactionary Academy in different forms. The commercial contact of the artist was through the art dealer and

gallery and the private patron, as well as the museum, which is really a collective of art patrons conditioned by the art dealer.

It follows, then, that the artist of the immediate past was an individualist, progressive or reactionary, in his painting theory, working within the framework of middle class culture with a subject matter acceptable to that culture and marketing his product through channels set up by the middle class. His economic condition in general was poor and he was badly exploited by art dealer and patron alike.

For those unaware of this exploitation, I will briefly specify. The dealer opened shop with a free choice of the field for his stock in trade. His stock cost him nothing but promises, and these promises were not promises to pay, but promises of a vague future of affluence to the unorganized and wildly competing artists. In many cases the artists were actually forced to pay gallery rent, lighting and catalogue and advertising costs in return for the promises of the dealer. In addition, commissions of from a third to a half and more were charged for sales. In the few cases where certain artists were subsidized by dealers the situation was not different in kind but only in degree. What resulted? In each gallery two or three artists emerged as commercial assets to the dealer, and at that point a certain character was given to the gallery. This character was the result of the planning of the one-man and group exhibitions around the works of the artists that time had shown to be the easy sellers. The body of artists of the gallery were used chiefly for window dressing and quantitative filler. In addition, the dealers carried variously old masters, early American, folk art, etc., which they bought at bargain prices and sold at enormous profit, frequently to the exclusion of the work of the contemporary artists they were supposedly marketing. Art for profit, profit for everybody but the artist. With the art patron and museum the situation is similar, free choice without responsibility, but there is the additional

feature of social snobbery. Artists are subsidized with the hope of financial gain on a statistical basis; a number are picked for low subsidy with the hope that one of them will bring home the bacon financially speaking. There is also the desire of the patron to be regarded as an outstanding person of culture among his fellow traders, social snobbery, or, in cases of extreme wealth, the ability of the patron to add the prestige of charity to the excitement of gambling. For these reasons the term "badly exploited" surely applies directly to the artist.

This is a factual description of the social-economic relation of the artist body to society as a whole in the immediate past, and of course today as well.

Today, however, there are certain developments which are peculiar to the time and which directly affect the artist in his social-economic relations. They are: (1) Federal, State, and Municipal Art Projects; (2) street exhibitions and art marts; (3) the Mayor's Committee of One Hundred in New York City, appointed over the protests of the artists, whose supposed function is the creation of a Municipal Art Center; (4) suppression and destruction of murals, as in the case of Diego Rivera, Alfaro Siqueiros, and Ben Shahn, and the Joe Jones affair in Missouri; (5) gallery rackets, self-help plans, such as the Artists Aid Committee in New York, artists and writers dinner clubs, five and ten dollar gallery exhibitions, etc.; (6) a rental policy for all exhibitions as adopted by the American Society of Painters, Sculptors and Gravers, and the refusal of museums and dealers to accept it; and (7) the organization of the Artists' Union of New York and the "firing" of members for organizational activities on the projects.

These events and others are not isolated phenomena peculiar to the field of art. They are reflections in that field of the chaotic conditions in capitalist world society today. The artist finds himself without the meagre support of his immediate past and he realizes now, if not before, that art is not a practice disassociated from other human activities. He has had the experience of being completely thrown overboard and sold out by art dealer

and patron, and his illusions as to their cultural interests are destroyed. He realizes now that the shallowness of cultural interest of his middle-class audience was retroactive on his own creative efforts, resulting in a standard of work qualitatively low from any broad viewpoint. Looking about him, he sees sharp class distinction, those who have, and those (the great majority) who have not. He recognizes his alignment with those who have not—the workers.

With these realizations the artists of New York have taken certain actions. They organized the Artists' Committee of Action and undertook a struggle for a Municipal Art Gallery and Center, administered by artists. Mass meetings and demonstrations were held. The mayor of the city, La Guardia, refused to see their delegations, gave them the run-around and finally appointed a Committee of One Hundred to plan a municipal gallery and center. This committee was appointed without consulting the artists and is composed for the most part of names of socially prominent people who have no conception of the problems involved. Their first act was to hold an exhibit in a department store, their idea of solving the artists' problem. Most of those invited to exhibit withdrew their work from the walls on the opening day in protest, and the whole story with photographs, phoned in to papers by reporters on the spot, was killed in the press because the department store was a big advertiser. After this farcial first step the Committee of One Hundred went into temporary retirement and is now planning some summer festival, another attempt to give the present administration of the city credit for patronizing the arts without doing it.

The formation of the Artists' Union \* over a year ago is an event of greatest importance to all artists. With a present membership of thirteen hundred artists, the Union invites all artists to membership, and locals in other cities are being formed. The most direct action taken by the Union has been on the Municipal Art Projects. Over three hundred art teachers, painters, and sculptors are employed, a small fraction of those needing employment.

---

\* Address: 60 West 15th Street, New York City.



Those employed have the necessity of proving themselves paupers before they are eligible and after employment are often badly misplaced in regard to their best abilities. All organization by the artists on these projects is frowned upon by the administration, which subscribes to the ancient adage that paupers cannot be choosers. The administration is wrong; paupers today can choose when they are organized, and through their Artists' Union they have won some rights, have had "fired" members reinstated, and through their picket lines have shown the authorities that they are not to be kicked around at will. They fight steadily for increase in projects, against lay-offs, against time and wage cuts, for genuine social and unemployment insurance, for trade union unity, against the degrading pauper's oath on the projects, and for free expression in art as a civil right. Through their struggles in the Artists' Union the members have discovered their identity with the working class as a whole, and with those organized groups of artist-craftsmen such as woodcarvers and architectural modelers and sculptors in particular. With this realization a morale has developed which grows in spite of the efforts of the administration and its agents to break it. Exhibitions of the work of the members of the Union during the past winter showed a quality comparable in every way with the gallery exhibitions. This quality will change and improve, for reasons I will give later. The Artists' Union has an official organ, *The Art Front*, which has been widely hailed as the most vital art magazine in the country, with critical articles of high quality. The slogan of the Union, "EVERY ARTIST AN ORGANIZED ARTIST" means something which no artist can afford to disregard. Negotiations are now under way for the entrance of the Union into the American Federation of Labor.

The question of the civil right of free expression is a vital one today for the artists. It affects his life as a man and as an artist. Fascism is a powerful trend in the current political world set-up. Fascism is defined by the Methodist Federation for Social Service as "the use of open force (against the workers) by big business." We have seen it at

work in Germany and Italy, and one of its first acts is the suppression of freedom in the arts. Schools are closed; artists, scientists, and intellectuals are driven into exile or thrown into concentration camps. Culture in general is degraded and forced to serve mean and reactionary nationalistic ends, and the creative spirit of the artist is crushed ruthlessly. Such trends exist in this country, as any newspaper reader knows, and already individuals and small groups have committed Fascist-like acts of suppression, for ideological and political reasons. The destruction of the Rivera mural, the Siqueiros murals in Los Angeles, the suppression of the Ben Shahn and Lou Block mural for Riker's Island Penitentiary in New York by Jonas Lie of the Municipal Art Commission are examples. No artist can afford to remain complacent in the face of these and a thousand other similar cases, nor can he feel that they do not concern him directly. Organization by the artists and coöperation with the organized workers is the only method to fight these attacks on culture.

The question of quality interests artists. They say, "Yes, we agree with your ideas of organization, but what standards have you? We can't have everybody in a Union who calls himself an artist. We have a standard and we resent the implication that our standard of quality is unimportant in the type of organization you say is necessary for artists." The answer to this point is as follows: A work of art is a public act, or, as John Dewey says, an "experience." By definition, then, it is not an isolated phenomenon, having meaning for the artist and his friends alone. Rather it is the result of the whole life experience of the artist as a social being. From this it follows that there are many "qualities" and no one of these qualities is disassociated from the life experience and environment that produced it. The quality standard of any group of artists, such as the National Academy of Design for example, is valid for the social scheme of that group only. Its "world validity" depends precisely on the degree to which the life-scheme of the group of artists is broad in scope. We have, therefore, little qualities

(Continued on page 506)



## BY THE LIGHT OF THE OBLONG MOON

Memories of Ultra-Modernism

By JOHN D. WHITING

*Drawings by Charles Dunn*

NOT MORE than three or four years ago, at an exhibition of art, I heard two young men discussing a landscape of unusual beauty. That is, I thought it had unusual beauty, but the young men soon undeceived me.

"Sentimental," one of them sneered. "Not anything to it."

"Yeah," drawled the other. "Small town stuff. God awful."

Then I knew that they belonged to the ultra-advanced, the "intellectuals," who had come to dictate the critical taste of America. They had been sitting at the feet of Nietzsche, H. L. Mencken, and the futurist critics.

Among these intellectuals—and their name is still legion—sentiment had become anathema. When an artist exhibited his work, he hung his brains on the gallery wall, and if those brains were colored by any feeling for nature he was a sentimentalist—God help him. He was, in fact, an egregious ass, given to pretty things, and too soft to face the steely facts of life.

The ultra-modernist movement, imported from Paris, was a revolt against a literal art. Far too many people used to imitate nature thoughtlessly and therefore fumblingly, weakly. But the half-baked modernist strained at gnats and swallowed camels. He ignored Innes and Corot, Millet, Wyant, Winslow Homer; he had forgotten Tryon and Homer

Martin, Thayer and Ranger, and a score of others. He was advertising a purple revolt against the artists who emulated these men, while he never understood the subtle secrets of their power. If he wandered into a beautiful garden he was, I think, terrified by the silence; he ran indoors and turned on the radio. And the next day—in his city apartment—he would paint a black and terrible garden where iron flowers mixed with Amos and Andy under a dull pall of red-purple sky.

The ultra-modernist was generally supposed to be a dreamer who believed in something mysterious. But wasn't he rather an egocentric who believed in nothing outside himself? He scorned trees and rocks and meadows, the sea and the hills, even the very sunlight. If he represented anything it was only to show how dreadful it looked to the sophisticated mind. He must crush the fly on the face of nature even if he thus killed nature herself.

We may choose not to represent an object at all, but to produce mere patterns in color. That such patterns can be made very lovely is witnessed by Japanese prints, or for that matter, the best of Oriental rugs. It is, no doubt, a fascinating thing to play loosely with color and form and evolve things as seen in a dream—vague, liquid things of dubious intent. One can often make decorative effects by accident; or, if you prefer, from the mys-



terious depths of the subconscious mind. But if the ultra-modernist's pattern suggested, say, an iceberg, he proceeded to make it boldly into an iceberg, achieving originality of treatment by the use, perhaps, of orange vermilion. Starting out to "express the subconscious," he ended as a rule by a stark revelation of how unpleasant a dream may become when the dreamer has one eye on the gallery.

We can have no real objection to the artist who pokes fun at creation. Personally, I am strongly in favor of more humor in American art. But unfortunately the dyed-in-the-wool ultra-modernist did not know how funny he was. In fact, he was all too insistent that he be taken *au grand sérieux*. He claimed to have a message for American art lovers (and



buyers)—a message so alien and cryptic that only intellectuals appreciated it. Said he:

"I mumble my Latin at random,  
*De gustibus non disputandum,*  
 I say things aloud  
 To myself in a crowd  
 'Cause common folk can't understand 'em."

And in truth common folk couldn't, not because they were necessarily unintelligent, but because the ultra-modernist was unwilling—or unable—to share his secret with anyone.

We must realize, of course, the necessity for contrast. We must respect those who, like Cézanne and Van Gogh, were sincerely trying to find a new and a more creative art. But, granting the need of a spring tonic, must we accept any medicine offered? Must we be overawed by the impressive doctor in the shape of a fad-mongering critic? For, alas, the ultra-advanced had already become ultra-

intolerant. Everyone who couldn't swallow their nostrum was "old-hat," "bourgeois," and "obsolete."

These prophets of sophisticated delirium were not the supermen they would have us suppose. They were no nearer to solving the Great Riddle than were some of us humbler mortals. At home they were subject to bilious attacks and other undistinguished afflictions. Their biting scorn of humanitarianism was sure to get mixed up, sooner or later, with hot water bottles, trained nurses, and physic. That has always been the trouble with supermen.

## II

To the great mass of unaffected Americans, radical art is still a mystery. The American sense of humor is not inclined to take the thing too gravely. If it likes jazz it is not as music but as a suitable medium for those dances which give us convenient excuses for expressing emotions not otherwise sanctioned.

But the ultra-modern picture had no brave noise to sustain it; the thing hung there in a terrible silence and one had to decide what in heaven's name it was all about. And while the layman was wrestling with this problem he found that modernism was still growing, and stranger yet, taking most of the prizes and getting most of the publicity. It seems to me peculiarly unfortunate that just when people were showing a greater interest in art they found what was offered them introspective and morbid and calculated to confuse and depress them. They asked for bread and were given a stone.

The ultra-modernist was content with even less than art, he was content with his own discontent. He vivisected his own dingiest moods before the eyes of an incredulous public. He painted red nudes underneath an oblong moon, not through lack of skill but through lack of common sense.

And here we come to the fatal question of sincerity. I have carefully refrained from questioning the modernist's sincerity, although heaven knows, we are often led to do so. Since they deny having a sense of humor, we must give them our serious attention. But I have one especial modernist in mind, a

woman of bold and inflexible spirit. She showed me around a certain gallery, dismissing everything with the remark, "Pretty, pretty." When we came to the most radical picture she paused and cried, "There, that is sincere!"

Perhaps it was sincere; I hope not. It is possible to be neurotic and sincere, even, perhaps, to be sincerely neurotic. But it is possible, also, to be refined and yet sincere though I couldn't get this woman to admit it. When she insisted that the frightful conception must be *ipso facto* the only sincere one, I suspected that she had been thwarted in love, or perhaps was incapable of it. She was, at least, sincerely intolerant.

Among the great conservative artists, from Rembrandt to Winslow Homer, it is difficult to think of any who could be accused of insincerity. No man can interpret nature divinely without being deeply impressed by the magic of nature, and that implies the forgetting of self, the outgoing love which is the soul of sincerity. Their minds were too full of the joy of life to be obsessed by their own subjectivity, like sea-sick men wooing the pits of their stomachs. The ultra-modernist may have sincerely believed that art had exhausted all aspects of nature, but that implied a very feeble faith indeed.

As Mr. Robert McBride so ably pointed out in an article appearing in the *Art Digest*: "It is because the supporters of modern art cannot or will not differentiate between the authentic and the spurious that the public has become so woefully confused." It is the business of the professional critic to make this sort of distinction. If he had owned to a "woeful confusion" among the general insanity surrounding him we would sympathize with him. But instead he shirked the distinction and promoted the cult of insanity. Can it be that flimflaming the public has financial profits for American critics?

Wealthy Americans were being impressed with the excellence of modernistic art. They were convinced that ultra-modernism was something new and bold, original and progressive. But is it ever bold to use your medium badly, even if you insist that you intended to do it?

For the artist knows at heart that harmony, balance, and light, as well as the other traditional aims of his profession, are not fashions but the result of evolution. Those qualities have delighted the human eye for many hundreds of years. Gentlemen may prefer blondes—or brunettes—but very few of us lean to mud-colored blondes or octagonal, nub-headed brunettes. Even in matters of taste there are ultimate limits. If a lop-sided woman is distressing to us, a lop-sided picture is no easier to live with. If shrill discord is bad in a huckster it is much worse in a trained musician. It is really inexcusable.

In the *American Mercury*, Benjamin de Casserres expressed the essence of the ultra-modernist spirit in a manner almost as recon-



dite as the flights of some of the artists he championed. Here are a few of the gems cast by Mr. de Casserres before the "small town obsolete":

"Art is a kind of malice, a kind of venom which thought and feeling eject. . . . Beauty is the absence of the familiar. . . . Art is the salvation of God. Only after being purified in the alembics of creative genius are His works fitted to enter the presence of intelligence. The universe is God's original sin and he is only redeemed through death and transfiguration in the artistic heavens. The august stupidities of the unconscious are rationalized in the brain. . . ."

To say that "beauty is the absence of the familiar" may be clever, only it isn't true. Real beauty, as a matter of fact, lies all around us from the days of our childhood. If we are blind to it isn't it because we have grown hard and self-absorbed? We are too busy notoriety-chasing to see the familiar things with



open eyes and open hearts. And art as the salvation of God is an even more astonishing concept. It is, in fact, a contradiction in terms. No color was ever duller than its own reflection, no sun was ever dimmer than the light it gave, and whoever created Mr. de Casseres is fit to enter the presence of his intelligence. The "august stupidities" of the unconscious may be rationalized in art, but they are being subsidized—in undigested form—by some of these precocious critics. One is not inclined, of course, to take such wisecracks to heart.

It may be unfair to dwell on the antics of a hysterical minority. Extremely radical art, even in its hey-day, was only a small proportion of the work shown at exhibitions. But it was the spectacular part, the part which always captured the limelight, and its influence on the mass of modern work is obvious to the most casual eye. Everywhere we see the parade of chaos or of stark forms rendered with a self-conscious look-and-be-damned-to-you hardness.

Mr. Royal Cortissoz, who has usually main-

tained a level head among the various storms, notes, now and then, the woeful absence of "any tenderness or poetic conception." He realizes, no doubt, that while playing Brahms or Schubert is more difficult than sitting on the piano, the latter—if done with enough assurance of a certain kind—will draw a crowd and attract more attention. The cult of modernism has not been, of course, confined to the arts. There are other ways of breaking into the limelight by the short cut of doing something atrocious. One can elope with another man's wife, or sit in a tree-top until he falls from exhaustion, or hire a girl to bathe on the stage. These things have publicity value and get you lots of space in the tabloids.

But the fight was on, the American people as a whole refused to be sold on the ultra-modernist racket. They turn to art as they turn to nature, to revel in light, color, and joy, to inhale the tonic air of beauty which gives them sanity and strength to go on. In spite of all our smart-Alec philosophers, there is a will-to-live in American art.





E. OSCAR THALINGER: LANDSCAPE

## THREE ST. LOUIS ARTISTS

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

**M**ORE than any other city St. Louis is typical of the midlands. Against a background of the early west, dramatic, highly colored, there has grown up a harsh, corrosive industrialism. To the outsider, to the superficial observer, this industrialism is the city; grim, black, uncompromising. But there survives out of the past much that is rich and warm; the imprint of the Europeans who came to the high bluff along the river, first the French, then the Germans, then the Irish; something of the shrill, strident life of the river itself; the tenderness, the humor, the vitality of the blacks. It is a city complex beneath its harsh exterior.

Only because these three painters express so well the flourishing world beneath the in-

dustrial pall, complementing each other, enriching each other, contributing each his varied understanding of the city's life, may they be considered as a group. From the technical, external point of view, they have hardly more than a superficial relation to each other. Considered together they offer as broad an expression of a complex American environment, as one might well hope to find. It is possibly no more than a fortuitous accident that E. Oscar Thalinger, Miriam McKinnie, and Joe Jones thus anatomize St. Louis, but unquestionably they do.

Thalinger's development has been like the development of the city, a rapid evolution. And it may be because there is in his background more of the elements of the city that



he remains the most important of the three. Born in France, he came to St. Louis while very young. In his early work he showed that he had been strongly attracted to the representational naturalism of those painters who were the vogue at the turn of the century.

The bright, facile pictures which made up the World's Fair exhibit of 1904, the first exhibition in what is now the city's museum on "Art Hill," inevitably impressed the young man of the middle west. They were "Art." The Washington University School of Fine Arts and a year in Munich served largely to confirm this view. And yet there were early doubts.

Doggedly, grimly, Thalinger has abandoned one by one the pleasant illusions of "art" as it was understood in the St. Louis of

1904. Having realized his environment, he has also evolved an individual style, abandoning the easy devices of representationalism. The range of his painting during the past five years, and it covers an extraordinary amount of work, shows him as a painter solid, integral, sternly honest. In the masses which he builds up with such scrupulous care, in his use of dark, often sombre, color there is no sensationalism, no trickery.

In many of his paintings there is the mood of the city as in "Old Lace—a Landmark." Here is St. Louis of the '80's, the Mansard roof, the iron grills of the French, the curious shape standing alone in an industrial area, grimed and blackened. This could so easily have been sketchy and picturesque; yet here is the uncompromising mass of the house, its



E. OSCAR THALINGER: POWER



MIRIAM McKINNIE: MILL AT ALTON

Awarded First Prize in the Last Annual Exhibition of the National Association of Woman Painters and Sculptors

impact the greater for its austere solidity.

There are these same qualities in Thaling's treatment of the nearby Ozarks, so often prettified. These hills have the gaunt grace of the Ozark people themselves, lean and stark. "Ozark Town" says with an almost dramatic underemphasis a great deal about the way of people's lives in this isolated highland. In "Suburban Scene" he has made an exciting composition of the wet sheen of the street and a gaunt and ruined house. One returns to his city landscapes that have an air sharp and acrid as the industrial city itself. If Thaling risks an occasional monotony, that, too, is in St. Louis.

Miriam McKinnie at thirty-two has a strong rhythmic approach to painting and one might almost say a passion for design. There is a boldness in her work which is expressed in the richness of her color, dark in key, mysterious and compelling in its total effect. With an eagerness, almost a brashness, she has discovered her designs in the familiar world around her, in the river, the mills along the river and the flaring smoke from their chimneys, in the sweeping curve of the highway. She used these native materials in the ambitious mural fresco which she did as a Public Works of Art project in a suburban library. One panel is "Industry," another



"Illinois Landscape," another "In the Fields." These panels are not mere illustrations, not mere decorations, they are vigorous and alive. Her interest ranges back into the past and, preoccupied just now with fresco panels, she is hopeful of getting in some of the rich his-

painter. He liked slapping colors on houses and he liked to make designs with paint. Somehow he acquired a huge ambition that was soon shaped by the most colossal ego. Brash, boisterous, irrepressible, he had very little to unlearn and insisted, defiantly, that



MIRIAM MCKINNIE:  
ILLINOIS  
LANDSCAPE

torical background that is here. In all that she does there is a sensuous truth. Miss McKinnie is prolific and exhibits widely.

Then comes Joe Jones. Born on the faintly respectable edge of a slum, he knew from the beginning a sparse penurious way of life that was enlivened only by gangsterism and a desperate kind of hooligan rebellion. His father was a house painter, he became a house

he had very little to learn, from the past. It is not perhaps too much to say that in his first paintings there was a firm, crisp, expressive line which immediately caught the eye. In a St. Louis show with hundreds of mediocre pictures, derivative, painfully third rate, gauche, awkward, suddenly there was Joe Jones. If he was imitative, it was usually with the imitativeness of a bad boy with his



JOE JONES: NUDE





JOE JONES: SUNDAY AFTERNOON

thumb at his nose. His color sense was dramatic, nacreous whites tinged with faint pearl-like pinks, bronze browns, rich greens and blues, permeated with smoky shadow. One of the most surprising things about his development has been the appearance of innumerable "patrons," most of them liberal with bad advice, a few buying his pictures. Go to Mexico, they said in a patronizing way. There is so much to paint in Mexico. This suggestion threw him into a rage; he wanted to paint St. Louis, he said, and how could you ask for anything more? Weren't there gas tanks, weren't there brick kilns, weren't there smoke stacks? And he proceeded furiously to paint St. Louis; big, bold canvases they were, that never faltered or hesitated. At twenty-three he became a Communist. That was a year ago. His evicted women and his striking

workers have a vigor, an intensity, that doesn't come out of the convenient Marxian formula. It is Joe Jones. Rash and boisterous still, he calls Diego Rivera a bourgeois reactionary. Living in a houseboat propped on the ruined levee, with black industrial St. Louis all around him, he paints, fiercely, angrily.

This then is St. Louis. If it is not gay, if it is not shimmering with high bright color, the fault is not with these three artists. They have met their environment with an honest criticism, sometimes harsh, sometimes angry. But never have they felt the need to conceal, to falsify, to embellish. And their work is evidence of the rich diversity, in design, in pattern, in color, of the life that was so long neglected during that incessant emigration to the East, to New York, to Paris, to the seacoast of how many trivial Bohemias.

# COMMENT AND CRITICISM

## Letters About Joint Resolution No. 220

### "Argument Superfluous . . ."

Sir:

When I read the Resolution for the establishment of a Department of Science, Art and Literature it gave me a big laugh. I could not believe that any serious consideration would be given to it. Whereas and wherefore, under and over, the mighty are foolish. Please register my protest; any argument seems superfluous.

*Algonquin, Illinois*

DAVENPORT GRIFFEN  
(Independent artist)

### "We want none of it . . ."

Sir:

After reading your paragraphs on the "Department of Science, Art and Literature" Resolution, I certainly agree with you that some "writing to the editor" should be done. The passages you quoted from the Resolution are almost incredible—they sound like extracts from some exaggerated satire by Sinclair Lewis, rather than quotations from "actual life." If that is an indication of the character of the art administration we would have under an arts ministry, we want none of it.

And anyway, is there really a burning need for a Fine Arts Department in our government? True, at present we have an emergency in the art world, which has called into being the PWAP of last year and the Section of Painting and Sculpture of the present. That they, as you say, are doing their stuff without political or aesthetic bias is no assurance they will always; in fact it is inevitable that a permanent organization would eventually be run by "official-minded" people. On another page you suggest that Eakins and Homer did the excellent work they did because they hadn't much time to spare to advertise their art, nor to sell it, nor to live a social life, nor for any of the various things an artist can do to keep him from painting. And for the same reason, your creative artist has neither the

time nor the aptitude for "running things" and naturally the dull official or academic mind takes control. This would happen with a Fine Art Department, and will happen to the present organization if it is made permanent.

What the artist most needs is to find a market for his wares with the least possible drain on his time and mental energy. He needs the appreciation of a patronage and the wherewithal to live arising from such a patronage, but for nine-tenths of his time he should be left alone to do his work and never should be dictated to as to what and how he shall create. The great things of the past that have lived have come from the inner needs of the artists, and not because a patron wanted a certain piece of work done. Those apparent instances of "inspired patronage" are simply the lucky accident of the patron wanting what the artist had in his soul to give. In normal times there are various ways of achieving this happy condition, but to my mind one of the most ideal set-ups is the dealer-artist combination, especially when the dealer is one who has sympathy for and faith in the work of the man he represents. He bears the brunt of the contact with the world; he takes care of whatever publicity is necessary to bring the artist's work before the world, and handles all the irritating details, leaving the artist free for creating. I am thinking of course only of movable works of art such as paintings, prints, small sculptures, etc. Mural decorations and monumental sculpture require a different technique.

In an emergency like the present, the usual outlets for the artists' work are apt to be partly or even wholly closed, and the government is called in to the rescue with a program of public art works. Although the emphasis now is mostly on mural work, it can be extended to include the purchase of other forms of pictorial art. If this has not already been planned for it should be, for it must be patent to anyone that not all artists have either



the inclination or aptitude for mural painting. The requirements of the so-called easel picture and wall decoration are vastly different, and proficiency in the one does not necessarily imply proficiency in the other. We do not demand, for example, long novels from de Maupassant, operas from Sibelius, or large oils from Meryon. In addition to providing spaces for mural painters to decorate, the government should, and no doubt will, take the place of the "wealthy patron" and buy from the artist those things he is best fitted to do—prints, water colors, paintings, small bronzes, etc.—instead of asking him to create something he is not fitted to do. (This was done, I believe, under the PWAP.) As with a private patron the dealer would here serve as a go-between, such an arrangement insuring the purchase of the best the artist has to give. And your artist will be assured of that seclusion necessary to the production of thoughtful and enduring works.

History shows us that such emergencies as the present one are always temporary, and that being so, let the Section of Painting and Sculpture be likewise temporary. We can forget about a Fine Arts Ministry.

*Gardenville, New York*

CHARLES BURCHFIELD

"Must always be fought for . . ."

Sir:

I would like to add to Mr. Watson's very potent protests on the proposed ministry of Art, which were in your June issue. A great many of us who were initiated into our profession in the early and middle 'twenties thought the art world a lovely place. Those of the preceding generation had fought and won the battle of academic freedom. The Armory show was an heroic echo. The reactionary forces were dead on their feet, and now the critics were finishing up the job. Our economic difficulties seemed temporary and minute compared to the potentiality of our freedom. Unfortunately we were wrong, and we realize that academic freedom for those who desire it must always be fought for.

The forces of regression and stupidity are always with us trying to make our world

aesthetically as well as socially a static thing. They try to impose upon us their sterile forms, and if they fail with logic or will, they seek to do it with law and officialdom, and the proposed ministry of art is a move in that direction.

*Woodstock, New York*

ARNOLD BLANCH

"Fear . . . public friends . . ."

Sir:

After recovering somewhat from the nausea occasioned by reading the two whereas clauses quoted in Forbes Watson's intelligent analysis of the Congressional resolution to establish a Department of Science, Art and Literature my first impulse was to protest loudly and vehemently. But second thought weakens the impulse with a weary sense of futility. Certainly the mind or minds that conceived the resolution are not to be influenced or in any way affected by intelligent reasoning. The resolution must fail or succeed because of political factors which are more concerned with art or literature or science than the resolution is with writing.

And yet I feel that official recognition of the arts and their workers is necessary, even granting the inevitable political and academic control that any form of recognition will entail. The French Academy has very consistently ignored and dismayed the nation's more important creative talents, but it has given the arts an established place in national life that does not exist here. Except as it affects his position in society and his self-respect, official recognition can only rarely help the artist. It can, as at present, provide work for him if he is starving, but its eventual choosing of what it considers to be good art can only lead to injustice and academic smugness. Official art must be based on set standards which are death to living art. The present handling of relief art projects is surprisingly efficient and intelligent, but I do not see how even existing agencies, if given any permanent form, can be kept beyond the reach of political claws. A department of fine arts, no matter how idealistically organized in its inception would sooner or later become the focal point of the intelligent artist's scorn, but it would establish art in the national mind as

a recognized form of human endeavor. In short, any such proposal is actually of more importance to the country as a whole than it is to the artist. I feel this to be true, but I become conscious again of the bad taste left by those whereas clauses. Perhaps art has less to fear from its public enemies than from its public friends. Certainly we can do better than House Joint Resolution No. 220.

*Bearsville, New York*

ERNEST BRACE

### "Liberty or Death . . ."

Sir:

I am opposed to government interference with the activities of the individual except where absolutely necessary. The less government the better. In art such interference is worse than elsewhere for art is only made by an untrammelled individual.

The evil effects of French and British government interference with art is too obvious to mention. It would be worse here for while in Europe it is an advantage to a politician to be brainless here it is a necessity.

The very title "Science, Art and Literature" proclaims the uneducated and uncultured attitude.

I was afraid when government began to "help" the artist that the next step would be something of this kind. Look at the present art activities of the government, the postage stamps, and the paper money. Shall all art be thus degraded?

The mob elects its government; the mob knows nothing but I believe in the right of the mob to elect governments. But in all other matters the mob has no right—only stupid power.

Art and literature are made by the few, understood by the few, but without literature and art the mob inevitably will perish.

The scientists must take care of themselves. I believe in a free press, free art, free literature. The country has in its history produced so little art or literature of very high class that one hopes that the hand of blind and deaf government may not be allowed to strangle what civilization we may be going to have.

The words of Patrick Henry are very

applicable for with art the choice is indeed between "liberty or death."

*Castine, Maine*

ALLEN TUCKER

### "Graft would defeat . . ."

Sir:

After reading "The Innocent Bystander" by Forbes Watson in the June issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART and statements by Procurement Division officers at the hearings before the Committee on Patents, House of Representatives, I feel that no sounder and clearer reasons can be advanced than are given by those men as why the government in aiding and advancing art and science should choose an advisory rather than an operative department.

On the other hand I feel it the duty of every free-thinking artist to give his or her support at the time when creative genius is being threatened. To let such a department become the instrument of politics with consequent possibilities of graft would defeat all that has been done by those fighting spirits that have made it possible for American art to take its place by the side of the best creative art being produced by any nation today. It would be a national calamity to destroy our great advance in culture when we have just freed ourselves of the rule of the Academy and other organizations that fetter rather than encourage creative genius.

I believe the statement by Admiral Peoples sums up the case: "The principal thing is to approach the project from the broad viewpoint of encouraging creative genius. . . . We should help the talented and the embryonic geniuses rather than lay down restrictions for them, and let the department develop gradually as it goes along."

*Cleveland, Ohio*

CLARENCE H. CARTER

(Those wishing a copy of the report of the Hearings before the Committee on Patents, House of Representatives, Seventy-fourth Congress, First Session, relative to the establishment of a Department of Science, Art and Literature, should address Edwin Fairfax Naulty, Clerk of the Committee on Patents, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.)



# SPEAKING ABOUT ART

BY PHILIPPA WHITING

## *Riker's Island*

IN THE past two years an effort has been made by Federal and State Governments to enroll artists as workers and collaborators, rather than to ignore them as the purveyors of graceful and whimsical entertainment to the elect. There has been much loud-voiced opposition to this interesting social change, but the opposition can, in large part, be ignored because the reasons behind it are so open and obvious. There are the mural painters who formerly had a corner on a small and lucrative market and who wish to keep

that market undisturbed, and there are the easel painters who have been reared to think of art as delicate, exclusive, and frequently remunerative, and who fear the invasion of a new spirit. In general, the opposers have been exponents of the tried and true, and these gentlemen have never welcomed the vitality of change.

However, this fertile and healthy new relationship between artist and government, or artist and people, has very probably come to stay, and it has already proved certain things: that an artist does better work when he is painting for a definite audience, that he is able to work in harmony with other people and adapt himself to specific needs, that he is profoundly interested in the civilization of which he is a part. I know of no artist who has had this experience who yearns to return to his previous condition of proudly isolated starvation.

New York City has worked with its artists for a longer time than the Federal Government, and state funds are still being used for the employment of artists, under the administration of the College Art Association. Recently a case has arisen in New York which is of the utmost importance not only in itself but in its bearing upon all governmental activities in the arts. This is the rejection by the Municipal Art Commission of the mural sketches by Ben Shahn and Lou Block for the Riker's Island Penitentiary.

The creation of these sketches was carried out in precisely the manner advocated by the Federal Government in its most important mural commissions. From start to finish, the artists worked in collaboration with trained penologists, in particular with New York's Commissioner of Correction, Austin H. McCormick; Dean Kirchwey, former Warden of Sing-Sing; and the present Warden, Mr. Lawes. They made an exhaustive study of penology, its history and theory, and they were able, with the coöperation of the Commissioner, to sketch and photograph in prisons of all types—a most unusual privilege. As



BEN SHAHN AND LOU BLOCK: PRISONERS  
IN TROUBLED SLEEP

Detail of study for panel revealing anti-social prison  
conditions

BEN SHAHN  
AND LOU BLOCK:  
FIGURE OF OSBORNE

Osborne was the outstanding prison reformist who had himself put into prison to discover the actual conditions.

Detail of study for panel.



a result of their research they prepared a written outline of their plans for the murals, and this outline was carefully considered by the Commissioner, who offered excellent suggestions and corrections. The work of preparing the sketches proceeded, with frequent consultations with Commissioner McCormick, who remained very enthusiastic and at no time questioned the fitness of the murals for the walls on which they were destined to be placed. He made it plain, however, that since the murals were not merely decorative, since they dealt with important social problems, his approval would have to be sustained by Mayor La Guardia. The sketches eventually reached the Mayor, who said that they were

a "swell job" and that they would be "a credit to his administration."

The subject matter of the murals having been judged by the proper authorities, they were submitted to the Municipal Art Commission,\* whose function is to pass on aesthetic quality. They were turned down by the Art Commission, on grounds of "psychological unfitness" to be seen by prisoners. Their aesthetic merit was unquestioned. In the effort to have the case reconsidered on the basis of their psychological fitness, a poll of inmates of Welfare Island was taken under the direction of Commissioner McCormick.

\* Jonas Lie, then painter member, has since resigned.





**BEN SHAHN AND LOU BLOCK: SOUTHERN PRISON SCENE**

Detail of study of panel exposing anti-social prison conditions. Labor camps. Guards under the shadow of the symbol of justice, the county court house.

**(Below) BEN SHAHN AND LOU BLOCK: REFORMS INSTITUTED BY OSBORNE AND HIS FOLLOWERS**

At left, elementary schooling, vocational training. At right, a minor form of self-government, men around table judging a prisoner for an infraction. Details of studies for panels.





The Commissioner selected forty representative prisoners, and they were given a test suggested by Dr. Schulman, criminal psychologist. The sketches were placed on exhibition and were viewed carefully by the prisoners in small groups. There was a brief explanation: "Here is a set of pictures showing the good and bad sides of prison life. The small ones are sketches and the large ones will give you

The replies of the prisoners will be better understood if a short description is given of the theme of the panels. They are intended to portray what has been done in penal reform and modern administration (Riker's Island Penitentiary is the last word in intelligent prison construction, includes modern hospitalization, up-to-date sanitation, recreational facilities, facilities for vocational train-



BEN SHAHN AND LOU BLOCK: THE PRISONER RELEASED

The outside world is as sinister as prison first appeared to the man unprepared for reentry into society. Hopeless perspective, no hope of a job, dependence on charity, and eventual return to crime await him. Details of studies for panels.

some idea of how it will look on the wall. This is planned for a mural in one of the halls of a brand new and modern prison building. The artists would like to know what you think of these pictures." And the following four questions were written on large blackboards:

1. What do you think about these pictures?
2. How do you feel about having them on the walls of a new prison?
3. In your opinion what will other men here think about it?
4. Visitors will also go through the halls. Of what interest do you think these pictures will be to them?

ing, etc.), as contrasted with the old methods of segregation, idleness, and social vengeance. Over the door, the first introduction of the criminal to the penal system is depicted—the police line-up. On the left wall is shown the course that his imprisonment might take under the calculated cruelty of the past, the methods which commit him to a life of crime; on the right the means by which social rehabilitation is being effected in the best prisons today. The final panel summarizes the two walls.

Out of a possible total of one hundred and sixty answers, ninety-seven were favorable, ten unfavorable, twenty-two indifferent, and 31



left blank. Several of the prisoners gave one blanket answer for the four. There is thus no question of the definitely favorable reaction. One cannot help being glad for the circumstances which gave the prisoners a chance to speak for themselves; the responses have an interest far beyond their immediate purpose. In education and capacity for expression they range all the way from the men who said, "I believe that it shows it care for the unemploy as they dont have to sleep in the streets if they have no home, but its hard on the one who have people to come over to see them in cages like a monkey," and "It look Verry Bad to see what has hapen in the buy gone days, but—to see the change the state has, it is good to hange on the walls of the new prison," to the author of "Upon the walls of a new prison they would be a memorial to the spirit of reform from barbarism . . . the reform which is gradually being introduced in prisons will eventually absolve the state from its former policy of creating habitual criminals."

Chief objection to subject matter was that the prisoner sees enough of prison as it is: "I think the fellow inmate should have some thing to forget his surroundings rather than have some thing to remind him of the place he inhabits. The paintings them selfs are very good. They should have a painting reminding him of a gay time making him want to git."

And one man was not to be cajoled at all: "My opinion about the pictures. I am not interested in them. Perhaps some prisoners and visitors may think a great deal of them. The only things I am interested in while behind the cold bars is English Arithmetic. In further more when the 26 of April comes I dont care for my face to see a prison any more nor pictures."

Majority opinions:

"I think that having them within our view we would realize that the Prison administration of today is really trying to assist us in starting over honestly."

"I cannot speak for the other fellow as for my self I think they will make a great improvement on one mind."

"They are beautifully painted. . . . Visi-

tors will bee willing to help, put the plans over."

"It would be a good idea because it make the people have a lot of faith in the new Prison and when your people write to you you can tell them about it and it will make them feel more better."

"I am very much interested in pictures. And by having them on the Walls will make one feel more at home. I will be glad if the privileges is`granted."

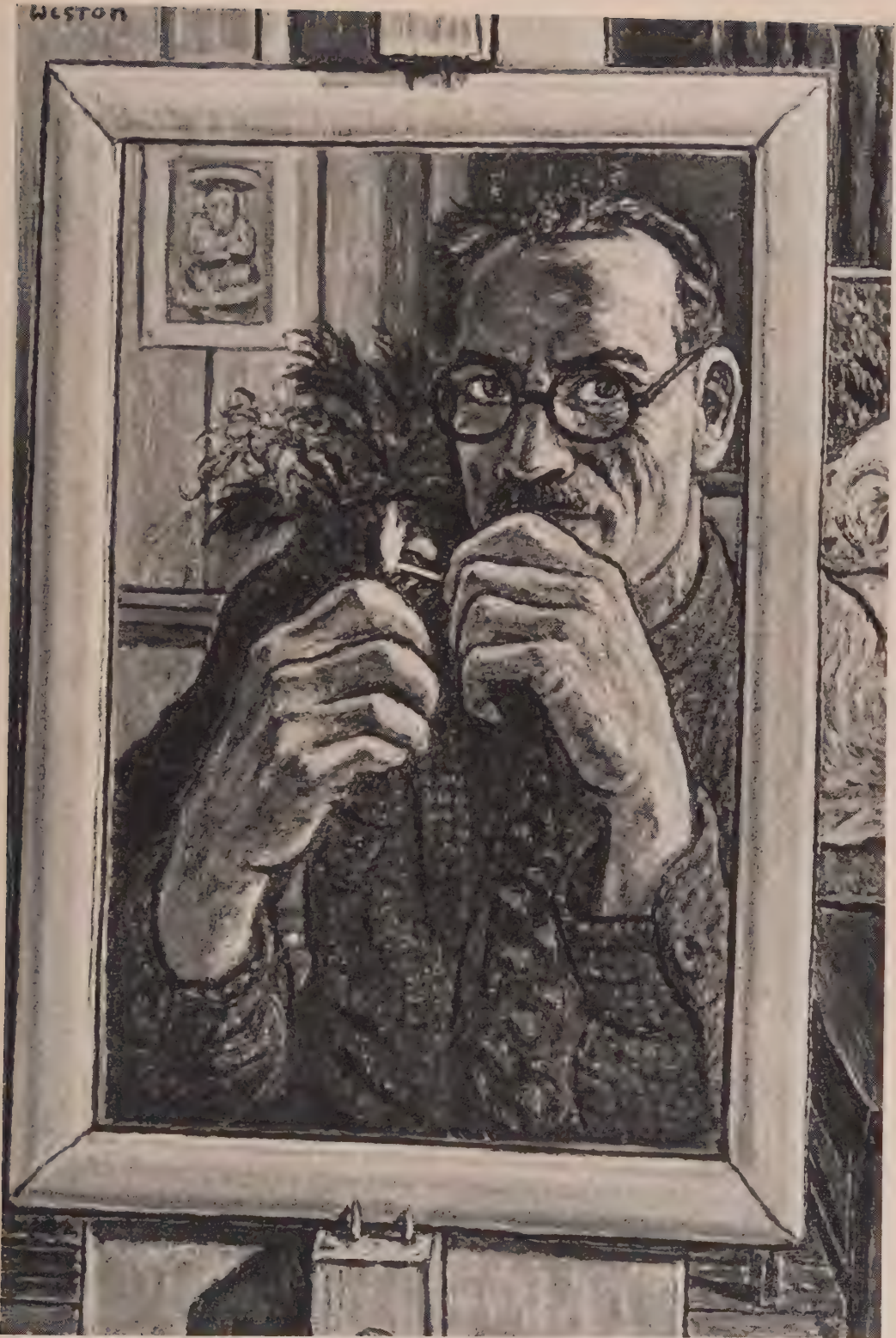
"To have them to view each day would be to me a constant reminder of where I am and would create a very strong desire in me to be a free man again."

It is apparently insurmountably difficult to appraise "psychological" factors. In any case the fact that three-fourths of the answers were clearly favorable, and that the test was his own, did not, in the eyes of the Commissioner, constitute "psychological fitness." Which puts the test down as a waste of time except as it makes interesting reading. The sketches for the Riker's Island murals are still in the artists' studios. They are, potentially, one of the most important mural achievements of a period which is using the mural as never before in this country. They have proved themselves in every possible way, and they will be carried out on twentieth-century New York walls when the New York city administration decides to accept the coöperation of its artists and its prisoners in building a finer social order.

### *Cape Cod Gallery*

FROM August fourth through the twenty-fifth Ann Hamilton Sayre is presenting in her gallery at Wellfleet, Massachusetts, an exhibition which breaks with the tradition of run of the mill summer shows in New England. There have been other exceptions in which quality has raised its head above sea level. For this one the Cape Cod public should be grateful.

Five artists are to be represented by six pictures each. The names: Morris Kantor, Henry Varnum Poor, Alice Stallnecht, Harold Weston, and Frederick Wight. Pottery as well as paintings by Mr. Poor will be included.



HAROLD WESTON: MIRROR ON EASEL

Included in this month's exhibition at Mrs. Sayre's Gallery at Wellfleet, Massachusetts



## *Painters Chartered*

A "PARALLEL CHRONOLOGY OF PAINTERS" has been prepared by Margaret Britton, in the form of a large chart. The chronology covers European and American painting from 1250 to 1800, with an appendix of nineteenth-century painters. On the reverse are two maps, showing the chief European centers about 1460 and about 1550, a bibliography of the references which Miss Britton used in the work, and an index. Naturally it would be possible to object to certain omissions, and to quarrel with certain school attributions, but on the whole it is extremely well done and a god-send to anyone who has not an abnormal memory for dates. Miss Britton gives short definitions of the most important styles and periods, which in my opinion might well have been omitted. I should not, myself, want to be forced to characterize Romanesque in four lines, but I do not like this definition of it:

"The style of decoration based on geometric or abstract motives. The architecture characterized by semi-circular arches: windows, arcades, and vaulting."

Or Gothic: "The style of architecture characterized by the pointed arch, ribbed vaulting, and vertical lines; in decoration the use of forms based on nature."

## *N. Y. U. Art History Faculty*

THE GRADUATE SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS OF New York University will add in 1935-36 to its already distinguished faculty: Karl Leo Heinrich Lehmann-Hartleben, formerly of the University of Münster; Marcel Aubert, of Yale University and the Ecole des Chartes, Paris; Walter Friedländer, formerly of the University of Freiburg; Henri Focillon, Yale University and the University of Paris; Julius Held, formerly of the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin.

## *They Pried Them from Him*

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN will publish a book next fall by Grant Wood—on modern American art. Mr. Wood's work will be an informal account of contemporary painters who are expressing America. The reproduc-

tions, including eight in color, will be devoted to the work of Grant Wood, Thomas Benton, Charles Burchfield, Reginald Marsh, and John Steuart Curry. Doubleday, Doran tells us that the author will "draw heavily on his own twenty-year experiment at adjusting himself to his own environment." Mr. Wood chatted recently with the students of the Art Institute of Chicago school about his experiment. On his return from France he settled in Cedar Rapids, had himself listed in the census as "painter." Orders came to paint houses and barns, and he cheerfully accepted them. "In the next few years he had sold four hundred pictures in Cedar Rapids. . . . His method of selling was unique. 'They had to pry the pictures from me,' he said with a grin."

My curiosity continues to be piqued by those four hundred pictures. I have heard of them before. The first year of the Chicago Fair, 1933, I saw a one-man show of Grant Wood's at Increase Robinson's Gallery. This past winter I saw a one-man show at the Ferargil Gallery in New York. It was the same show—there were certainly not more than three new pictures. Even when you consider that for six months of the intervening time Grant Wood was working for the PWAP at the University of Iowa, it was not a large production. I reflected that I should like to see more Grant Woods, but that no one should question an artist's right to work slowly and carefully. Then I remembered those four hundred pictures. Why are we not allowed to broaden our understanding of this artist's work through seeing the result of his greatest productive period? I know that the pictures are privately owned, but then so were the larger majority of those in both the exhibitions I saw. I am sure that the next time Grant Wood has a one-man show, the people of Iowa would be generous enough to contribute to it, if only they were asked.

## *Cross-Sections and Knitting*

MARY-RUSSELL F. COLTON, of the Museum of Northern Arizona at Flagstaff, has written us about the change in policy for exhibitions of Arizona Artists Arts and Crafts. In the past, the Museum, like so many others, has hung an annual open, no-

jury, competitive exhibition, with a series of prizes. Members of the Museum staff have appraised the results of this exhibition with a degree of care that is not sufficiently general throughout the field, and they have decided to reorganize it. They serve three types of exhibitors: professional artists, serious students who intend to become professional artists, and art lovers who paint as an avocation and who have no intention of making art their life work. Formerly no distinction has been made between these groups, but in the future they will be treated individually, as groups. Each exhibitor will fill out a questionnaire, of which the first three and most important questions are:

Do you make some form of art your life work, exclusive of other professions?

Do you paint or practice art work occasionally to amuse yourself, as one does with embroidery or knitting?

Do you *intend* to devote your life to some form of art work?

The rest of the questions have to do with training, awards and prizes, museum representation, media, etc.

On the basis of the answers to this questionnaire, the exhibitor will be placed in one of the three classes and his work judged accordingly. Classes I and II, professionals and serious students, will be hung as separate groups but will be judged for prizes together; Class III will be hung as a separate group and will compete within itself for a separate group of prizes. In the last group the first prize only will carry a money award. It will be perfectly possible for individuals from Class II to graduate into Class I, and for those in Class III to enter Class II. From year to year this will be determined by the answers to their questionnaires and by their degree of technical and creative ability.

The Museum of Northern Arizona is attempting to set a standard of excellence. Miss Colton says that she is aware that the scheme will not increase their popularity. She is probably quite right. I can imagine that many people in Arizona are going to wail that their museum does not love art at all. If they do not, Arizona is an unusual place. Nevertheless their museum is preserving the essential

principle of independent exhibition. It is a valuable principle and will always serve a profoundly necessary purpose. The museum is also avoiding the ills of the jury system, which usually produces a cross-section of middle-range pictures, with all the extremes cancelled. But it is emphasizing the one thing in which American exhibitions are conspicuously lacking—critical courage. I hope that the professional group of Arizona artists and craftsmen will be kept small, that entrance into it will be the recognition of unusual merit.

Year by year our exhibitions get bigger and bigger. Their tolerance is beautiful. The lion and the lamb lie down together in them and play tiddledy-winks. Practically every large show that has gone on in years has pre-faced itself by a foreword in which its sponsors state: "This exhibition does not campaign for one thing or another. It does not pretend to present the best, or the this, or the that. We have tried to make it a fair cross-section of American art as it is today, with all its phases, movements, trends, tendencies, regions, great names, mediocrities, has-beens, and Sunday-painters adequately represented." They are represented all right. They are there, in some cases, with canvases twenty years old, which mock at the "annual" or "biennial" title of the show, but they are there.

From some museum that has sought a new note, and surely there are several, we may some day receive the revolutionary announcement: "We have set aside three small galleries for our coming annual exhibition of American art, our most important show. We do not pretend to be complete, to be representative, to be unbiased. This is not a cross-section. We have selected what we think are the finest pictures of the year."

There are a great many painters in the United States, and new hordes are being produced all the time. Independent exhibitions keep academy dogmas from choking us. Catholicity of taste is desirable, but so is distinction. Certainly there is enough American art by now so that we will not frighten it out of existence by being a trifle more selective. One of the reasons which Vasari gives for the greatness of Florence was the merciless critical standard of both patrons and fellow-artists.



# TOOLS AND MATERIALS

## VIIA: CERAMIC SCULPTURE; THE PREPARATION OF THE CLAY

By CARL WALTERS

GREECE credits Vulcan with making out of clay, Pandora, the first mortal woman. Later, Keramos, the son of Bacchus and Ariadne, became the patron saint of pottery, from which we obtain the word ceramic, or keramic.

Terra-cotta, or baked clay, was one of the first mediums which man used for artistic expression. One great advantage of terra-cotta is that after being fired it becomes one of the most durable of substances, and another advantage is its great range of possibilities in color, both in the terra-cotta itself and by the application of colored glazes.

Since clay is the chief and most important material used by the ceramic artist, it is advisable that the beginner should have some knowledge of its properties and preparation. Natural clays range from the pure white and infusible kaolin, containing only alumina and silica, with a small percentage of alkalis, to the impure grey, red, or brown clays, containing, besides the alumina and silica: magnesia, potash, soda, iron, lime, and carbon. Kaolin is used with china clay (a combination of feldspar and quartz) to make porcelain, the finest and hardest paste known to ceramists, and the one which has the highest firing point—around fifteen hundred degrees centigrade. From this there are many gradations, through soft porcelain and several degrees of earthenware to where the presence of lime or iron colors the clay and makes it easily fusible, so that much heat turns it black and collapses it to slag.

For successful ceramics three properties are necessary in a clay. First: plasticity; for without this, clay could not be shaped. It constitutes the compliance of clay to the forming influence of the hand and the modelling tool. Second: porosity; because a clay which has a high degree of plasticity alone cannot be safely dried, the water cannot escape and therefore the clay warps and cracks. A porous clay permits the water to escape and it can be

safely dried. This condition is produced by adding sand, or by the presence of sand in a natural clay. Too coarse a sand will interfere with the delicate working, while too fine a sand will produce too dense a mixture. Porosity is the opposite of plasticity; the two properties must be adjusted so as to balance each other. The third essential property is vitrification—the property which causes the clay to flux in the fire, and is due, principally, to the addition of feldspar. Here also is need for adjustment, according to the density desired. The more feldspar a clay contains the lower the temperature required to vitrify it, and the denser the body.

Many artists will want to test clays they have found, to see if they are suitable for their use, and whether they will have a durable body and a good color. Also it is often more satisfactory and much more economical to prepare your own clay than to depend upon buying it.

Should a deposit of clay be found, carefully weigh out a hundred grams of dried clay and crush it to a fine powder on a piece of plate glass. Fill a graduate holding a hundred cubic centimeters with water. Add some of this water, a little at a time, to the clay, until it is worked into a pliable condition. The quantity of water used is then carefully noted by observing how much is left in the graduate. If the clay being tested has taken approximately forty cubic centimeters of the water, it is fairly certain to be a usable clay. If it has only absorbed about twenty-five cubic centimeters, or less, it will not be very plastic, and probably only good for making bricks.

The next step would be to ascertain how the clay acts in the fire. It is advisable, in order to have the greatest success, to have a furnace of one's own, but if that is not possible, it will be necessary to find a kiln that can be used.

Roll out the clay that is being tested about three-eighths of an inch thick, on a piece of

canvas. Cut out three small squares or oblongs, scratch on them the temperature at which they are to be fired, the source of the clay, and any other data you may need for future reference. If possible have the three pieces fired at different temperatures with sufficient range to get an idea of the degree of heat at which the clay matures. Dry thoroughly, start with a low fire, and gradually increase until the desired temperature is reached. Touching the tip of the tongue to the sample is a fair test of density. If the tongue sticks easily, the body is too fragile; but if the absorption of moisture is slow, the body should be hard and durable.

If a clay has been found to have all the necessary requirements except color, alterations may be made either by mixing various colored clays, or by adding powdered earth colors, such as light red, yellow ochre, burnt sienna, etc., any of which can be procured at any paint shop. Burnt sienna added to a ball clay will burn to a pleasant buff. Light red added to that will give a slight reddish tint. Light red added to ball clay will produce a warm pink; and so on. It is advisable to weigh both clay and color in the dry state, and to make a note of it, so as to be able to repeat.

Before commencing actual work on any scale, many experiments with different clays should be carried out—with notes on all trials. Fusible clays are apt to buckle and turn a disagreeable color in a high fire, while refractory clays are apt to break. The addition of flint, or quartz sand, or refractory china clay, will stiffen up clays apt to warp; while fusible clays added to refractory clays will lower the fusing point—or the same effect may be achieved by the addition of feldspar. Stiff sandy clay will need finer sieving or more washing to get rid of part of the sand.

Earthenware includes all opaque bodies differing from porcelain, whether white or colored. A body made of a natural red clay is often and properly called terra-cotta, but may with equal correctness be called earthenware. Earthenware bodies have unlimited variations, ranging from fifty to sixty per cent clay substances, thirty-two to thirty-eight per cent quartz sand, eight to twelve feldspar. The clay substances are usually china and ball

clays. Earthenware will be creamy in color and porous at an ordinary fire. A good formula to make a fusible clay retain its shape is to use eighty per cent red burning clay, ten per cent china clay, and ten per cent flint. Porcelain will need a very high fire, and will be white and translucent, but it is non-plastic and hard to work. For this reason, it is usually cast by pouring into moulds. Porcelain body consists of thirty-eight per cent china clay, twenty-seven per cent quartz sand, thirty-five per cent feldspar.

The tests having been completed, it will be necessary to prepare a quantity of clay for use. A fairly large amount should be obtained and stored in a dry place. Most natural clays will need cleaning, as there will usually be roots, twigs, etc., present. This is done by reducing the clay to what is known as slip. The equipment necessary for this is: a large sieve (quarter-inch mesh); a small sieve (about fourteen meshes to the inch); a stout barrel; two galvanized buckets; a good-sized mallet; a strong canvas bag.

After the clay is thoroughly dried, put it in the bag and reduce to a fine powder by stamping on it and pounding with the mallet. Fill one of the buckets half full of clean water and sprinkle into it the powdered clay, handful by handful through the quarter-inch sieve. The clay rapidly absorbs the water and sinks to the bottom. Continue *without stirring* until a small mound rises through the water; the clay should then be left to soak for an hour. While one bucket is settling, the other can be filled. Then stir the mixture vigorously with a flat stick, or the arm. The arm is best, as the hand can tell a great deal by the feel of the clay. After stirring, pour through the finer sieve into the barrel until a good quantity of slip has been prepared. At this stage it is well to make any additions of sand or feldspar that have been decided upon, although these can be made when the clay is in the dry state. Allow the barrel of slip to stand over night, when the clear water may be siphoned off the top. This should be repeated until the slip has reached the consistency of heavy cream. After a thorough stirring it is then in the best condition for casting. The slip will keep indefinitely if an inch or two of



water remains on top, so that it cannot dry out. It is well to have a tight fitting cover for the barrel. Wet clay greatly improves with age; it is composed of an infinite number of microscopic laminated crystals, which, when wet, are held together by molecular attraction, and when it is stored over a period of time in a damp dark place, the vegetable matter that lies between the crystals is decomposed by bacterial action, thereby allowing the crystals to lie closer together and so making the clay more plastic.

To stiffen the slip into workable condition for modelling, it should first be well stirred, so that all the heavier ingredients will be equally distributed, and then poured onto large thick plaster bats, slightly hollowed like a platter. When enough water has been absorbed by the plaster to leave the clay in a plastic condition, it is ready for wedging.

Wedging is important, for if any air bubbles remain in the clay, they will expand during the firing and are apt to cause the piece to explode.

A good, strong bench should be built, of which the top, if possible, is of four-inch plank, and measures about eighteen by thirty inches. Fix a twelve-inch post firmly to the back of the bench, and a three-inch peg to the front, then stretch an eighteen-gauge brass

wire on the diagonal between them. It is a good idea to tack canvas on the two ends of the bench, to facilitate lifting the clay. One side of the bench may then be reserved for wedging red burning clay, and the other for white, as in that way it is easier to keep the clay clean. Take a ball of clay in both hands and cut it in two against the wire; then slap it smartly on the bench, one piece on top of the other. Give the clay a slight roll to create a rounded surface on the bottom, cut it again on the wire, slap the two rounded surfaces together (to expel the air), and proceed as before, repeating a sufficient number of times to insure a smooth uniform texture. This can be judged by pinching a piece between the fingers to see if it is blended and not hard and soft in streaks.

For storing prepared clay, large earthenware jars make excellent containers but they should be fitted with metal covers, since the earthenware covers are unwieldy and easily broken. If the clay is supported a little from the bottom of the jar, an inch or so of water can be kept in it and will help keep the clay from drying out so rapidly.

These processes are certainly tedious, but the results will amply repay the experimenter and with familiarity they become second nature.

# NEW BOOKS ON ART

## *Design in Art and Industry*

By Ely Jacques Kahn. New York, 1935. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers. Price, \$3.50.

THIS book will of course be eagerly read by every young man and woman who is reaching out to learn how to make things—whether paintings or airplanes. The distinguished architect who wrote it was encouraged by a grant from the Carnegie Corporation given through the American Institute of Architects.

The very nature of his quest for design through the Orient and the Occident is enough to prove that he had caught something of the discontent that stirs us all today, and to make us look eagerly to his report on the successes and failures of art-training in other lands.

The fact that the author never pauses to give us a definition of his use of the word "design" has led him naturally to a certain looseness in using it. At times one unjustly suspects that he defines the designer as some superior being who imposes his magic from the draughting room on less gifted people—mere "workmen"—busy with their tools. But as though half-conscious of such an error he always, like a true artist, harks back to fundamentals—knowledge of materials, tools, purpose and the essential image in the artist's brain. Perhaps it is not till one reaches page 180, and his appreciation of Steinhof's teaching of the crafts, that the essence of his quest and a hint at the solution appears. Even there something clouds for a moment his clear vision, for he speaks with seeming approval (if one reads him literally) of lathes used for making wood or plaster designs for pottery. Steinhof, of all people, could hardly be guilty of that.

The important thing for us is the fact that a keen receptive mind, already master in one of the arts, has covered much of the known world and reported, however briefly, on the training of artists in unfamiliar cultures. The account of the school at Phnom-penh, the capital of Cambodia, is the most interesting and

the most encouraging of all for its record of sound training and its adjustment of economic conditions. In it the youths work *with* the master-craftsman and "there is no teacher there, strolling about with his hands behind his back."

Mr. Kahn has been kinder than some of us could manage to be in his treatment of our own stodgier schools. But there is no hesitation in the impersonal way he dismisses their inept and superficial training.

In every chapter of the Oriental part of the book are hints of riches to be explored in the way of village traditional crafts that one wishes developed and enlarged on. His vivid American point of view, his sense of what can and what cannot be preserved from handicraft to benefit a machine production would have been most enlightening on this subject.

The merits of a journey limited in time and whole-heartedly devoted to this single cause are obvious. The author, perforce, looked first at results, the results on the various national tastes and on the standards of work produced. Then, so far as it was possible or seemed to promise valuable results, he delved to analyze the methods. But in so short a time and with a high ambition to present us with a level cross-section of art-training over the globe, he was not able to get into contact with many of the undercurrents that we look to for future power. For instance, the Yanagi-Hamada-Leach group in Japan are craftsmen who are examining their social responsibilities quite as seriously as did William Morris, but with less prejudice against the inevitable machine. In China there is a broken-down and creaking instrument of guilds that should be studied fearlessly before its sound parts have been scrapped along with the worn-out ones. Also, in that country, British Boxer Indemnity funds are being spent for the "improvement and modernization" of the ceramic industry. Our ancient and revered masters may soon be executed by the awkward squad, and their priceless skill and really sound methods of quantity-production will be quite lost in order to make room for immediate ma-



chines that cannot properly be used for this next half-century at least. One would value the advice of our practical and sensitive author on this problem.

In India, as he hints, English official taste and brummagem methods are making head against a training that has been the admiration of the world. Granted this training even in its developed form cannot always endure (though it's a short-sighted man who would grant that in the face of the new sense of values), what then should be the tendency of the new training for craftsmen? The priceless knowledge of materials and respect for the purpose of everything a man makes must be conserved in India.

If one had any respect for commissions and their reports this book would make us all vote for a commission of Americans to be sent on a leisurely tour of the world—particularly of the Orient—to report to us the surviving and the new-sprouting excellencies that exist. The commission should contain a philosopher, a craftsman, a sociologist (God save the mark!), a factory-manager, a bishop in gaiters, and a professional philanthropist. No doubt our author could travel in several of these different rôles in his own single person, but he must not forget to take with him, as secretary, a Woman of Sense.

LANGDON WARNER

### *Andrea Sansovino*

By G. Haydn Huntley. Cambridge, 1935. Harvard University Press, Publishers. Price, \$5.00.

DR. HUNTLEY modestly states in his introduction that a study on Andrea Sansovino needs no apology because, in spite of his generally recognized importance, there has been but one attempt to evaluate his work since Vasari—the sympathetic but slight little book by Schönfeld. Surely no apology need be required from the writer of any monograph which has the distinguished objectivity of Dr. Huntley's work. The literature of art—in particular the literature of art in English—has not yet produced an over-supply of such publications. A casual glance at the bibliography of any artist of established reputation gives the impression that much too much has

already been written, but the greater bulk of this material falls within two well-established categories, both of questionable value to the serious student: the lyrical rhapsodizing of critics who use a work of art as a point of departure for their own poetic responses; and the arguments of those who write to prove a preconceived thesis and end by distorting the facts to fit the theory. English criticism, from Pater and Ruskin to the present, has given evidence of this curious aversion to disinterested aesthetic understanding.

Dr. Huntley has based his critique of Sansovino upon the only two sources which are of any value: the exhaustive investigation of documentary and historical evidence, and the unprejudiced observation of his own eyes. Thus, his intensive research in Portugal and Spain and at Loreto has cleared up a great deal of confusion concerning these two difficult periods in the sculptor's life, and his general knowledge of the period has enabled him to indicate convincingly Sansovino's place in the transition from early to high Renaissance.

He finds him essentially an artist of the *quattrocento*, his work possessed of delicacy and formal unity, without the over-blown grandiloquence, the exaggerated classicism and exaggerated naturalism of the later sixteenth century. But the book is much more than a study of one man; in his analysis of Sansovino as an individual, Dr. Huntley makes a notable contribution to the interpretation of a highly complex period. His presentation of hitherto unavailable documents on the Santa Casa at Loreto offers invaluable source material on the economic and social status of the cinquecento artist: the modern public, which tends to deify rather than to use art, will be interested to learn that Sansovino, as master of the works at the Santa Casa, was empowered by Leo X "to demolish or change all that he deemed ill-made."

The book is written in a style which is easy and fluent, completely without pretentiousness, concise without being meagre. Apart from the critical text, Dr. Huntley is to be thanked for his complete documenta-

(Continued on page 508)

# "I'd like to buy a Telephone Call"

**W**HEN you call a telephone number on the other side of town, you are making an important purchase. You say in effect—

"Give me the use of some miles of wire in a cable under the street, a section of switchboard and all the other equipment needed in the central office. I shall need one kind of current to carry my voice and another to ring the bells that signal the other party. I may need the services of an operator or two. I want all your equipment to be in perfect working order so that my call is clear and goes through without interruption. I would like this all arranged to connect me with my party instantly—and at a cost of a nickel or so."

Telephone people are asked to do this millions of times a day and find nothing unusual in the request. But to do it at the price you pay for telephone service—in fact, to do it at all—has taken the most skilful and unremitting research, engineering and organization.

Telephone service in the United States is the most efficient, dependable and economical in the world.



More than one-half the telephones in the world are in the United States although this country has only 6% of the world's population. Fifty years of progress under the Bell System plan of operation have brought the telephone within reach of all.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



B. F. DRAKENFELD & CO., INC.

45-47 Park Place, New York City

Clays, Majolica and Matt Glazes, Underglaze  
and Overglaze Colors, Glass Colors, Modeling  
Tools, Brushes and Pottery Decorating Kilns.

## Prognostication

With the September issue, more than  
1,000 more readers than this August  
number. Extra circulation, an extra-  
value market—no rate increase.

Smart advertisers ask no more!

JACOB HIRSCH

Antiquities and Numismatics, Inc.  
30 West 54th St., New York

*Works of Art—Egyptian—Greek—Roman  
Mediaeval—Renaissance*

Ars Classica, S. A. 31 Quai du Mont Blanc  
Geneva (Switzerland)

RUDOLF LESCH FINE ARTS, INC.

*Publishers of Reproductions  
of Old and Modern Masters  
Distributors of the Carnegie  
Art Equipment Reference Set*

225 Fifth Avenue

New York City

THE MACBETH GALLERY

ESTABLISHED 1892

AMERICAN ART

EXCLUSIVELY

11 East 57th Street

New York

EHRICH-NEWHOUSE

INCORPORATED

PAINTINGS

OLD MASTERS AND CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS

MODERN AMERICAN ETCHINGS

578 Madison Avenue, at 57th Street  
New York

## THE ARTIST TODAY

(Continued from page 478)

and big qualities. Any artist group which seeks to isolate itself from broad world interests and concentrates on the perpetuation of some sub-classifications of qualitative standard is by definition the producer of small quality. For such a group to demand that all artists meet this static qualitative concept is of course absurd. Art comes from life, not life from art. For this reason the question of the quality of the work of the members of the Artists' Union has no meaning at this time. The Artists' Union is initiating artists into a new social and economic relationship, and through this activity a quality will grow. This quality will certainly be different from the quality standard of any member before participation in union activities and will take time to develop. As the social scheme of the Union is broad and realistic, directly connected to life today in all its aspects, so we confidently expect the emergence of an aesthetic quality in the work of the members which has this broad, social, realistic value. Therefore, an artist does not join the Union merely to get a job; he joins it to fight for his right to economic stability on a decent level and to develop as an artist through development as a social human being.

## A CHANCE IN A THOUSAND

(Continued from page 475)

numbered designs, and the correspondingly numbered envelopes containing these names are not opened until the victor has been chosen.

What becomes of the losers in these competitions? Every study that they submit is examined sympathetically and a photographic record of it made. Those men and women who did not happen to win their first competition, but whose studies or models indicate that they have the training and the ability to paint a good mural, or to make a piece of able sculpture, are placed upon the lists of future possible appointees. In other words, the old ratio of one-thousand-to-one, which operated before the Government inaugurated its present competitions, no longer operates. It would

be silly to attempt to state, in arithmetical terms, how much this ratio has been reduced, to say that now the artist has a hundred to one or a ten to one chance, but it is fair to say that he has a real chance. I should say that whereas, in the former competitive world of the artist, all was chance and much was artificially estimated, the competitive system set up by the Government gives men and women of talent and intelligence an opportunity such as they never previously enjoyed. There is no attempt to be exclusive—quite the contrary. The effort is to include.

The Section of Painting and Sculpture has a dual purpose. It wishes first to secure the best obtainable American art for government buildings and it wishes, secondly, to stimulate and encourage men and women who can be brought out by a just and healthy system of competition but who, under previously existing conditions, have found themselves overlooked and neglected. In a world where so much depends upon haphazard publicity, haphazard fashion and constantly changing public taste, the known have had an utterly unfair advantage over the unknown. Men with great publicity gifts and pretty uninspiring painting gifts have been able to win notable positions as mural painters.

The errant ways of modern publicity have swollen the reputations of some of our mural painters far beyond their deserts. Without taking into any critical consideration how fortuitous and momentary may be their fame, some of these men believe that it is unfair for them to be compelled to compete with unknown artists. They feel that they should be appointed to jobs without being submitted to the trials and tribulations of competing. This would bring about a return to the situation as it existed before the existence of the Section of Painting and Sculpture. What gives the work done by that Section its health is the fact that it is holding fair competitions in which the works submitted are considered solely on their merits, and no name is known until after the winner is decided. In America, in particular, reputations of artists grow with such mushroom speed and so frequently rest upon such a slender hot-house foundation, that the healthiest thing in the world that could hap-

## It's different . . .



**WEBER PIGMENT DRAWING INKS are Opaque.** Offered in fourteen contrasting colors and Black and White. They are ideal for use in line or wash drawings, with crowquill pen, ruling pen, lettering pen or air-brush. These inks may be thinned with water to produce washes or mixed with each other to obtain secondary colors.

**Dealers  
Everywhere**

**F. WEBER CO.**

Color Card on request.

Factories: Philadelphia, Pa.  
Branches: St. Louis, Baltimore  
P. O. Box 1095, Philadelphia

pen to men who have suffered from the poison of too much publicity is for them to compete with younger and more eager men. This will give them a chance to counteract any tendency to become fatuous or to rest on their laurels.

In my humble opinion, the Treasury Department is giving to those artists who are interested in wall painting and in the designing of sculpture for the adornment of public buildings the best chance that they have ever had. Let us pause for a moment's comparison between the situation presented to the artist by the Treasury Department's Section of Painting and Sculpture competitions and the situation which he formerly faced when his work was limited to the painting of easel pictures. Some of the very men who are now being given opportunities to compete with their fellow artists, with the knowledge that their work will be given the consideration of a deeply interested client, to wit, the Government, formerly occupied themselves painting easel pictures, one picture after another, month after month, year after year, without having the slightest idea where the pictures might be



shown and whether anybody would be interested in seeing them. The ordinary competitive chance of the easel picture painter is the wildest kind of gamble by comparison with the opportunity now offered him for mural painting by the Treasury Department.

The illustrations accompanying this article are planned to supplement the text. They are, as the reader will perceive, by artists who have not received exaggerated ballyhoo. Some of them are by men whom no member of the Section of Painting and Sculpture had heard of before. Looking at them with an impartial eye, I think the reader will agree with me that the Treasury Department's Section of Painting and Sculpture has already brought out into the open men of talent whose work, under the old regime, did not have the fair competitive chance that has now been given to it.

Our illustrations include none of the studies for the Post Office Department or Justice Department Buildings in Washington because the competitions for these two edifices will not be finished until September fifteenth.

## NEW BOOKS ON ART

(Continued from page 504)

tion, his chronology of the life of Andrea, his full notes, bibliography, and index. Seventy-four half-tone plates show Sansovino's works in whole and in detail. The Harvard University Press is to be congratulated for an example of excellent book-making.

PHILIPPA WHITING

### *Making a Photograph: An Introduction to Photography*

By Ansel Adams. Illustrated by the Author. New York, 1935. The Studio Publications, Inc., Publishers. Price, \$3.50.

PHOTOGRAPHY is becoming increasingly appreciated by the art world. The recent exhibition by the National Academy of Design of outstanding American camera work is one indication; the inclusion by The Studio of the subject in their "How To Do It" series is another. They asked Mr. Ansel Adams, who only a few months previously con-

tributed an introduction to their yearbook of photography, to write and illustrate the book. Their choice was excellent, for not alone do Mr. Adams's photographs command attention from their technical perfection, proving him an authority, but the style is brief, thorough, and clear. After describing apparatus, workroom and materials, he tells how one of the plates was made in such detail that a comparatively inexperienced person could duplicate his work—provided that the identical subject and lighting were available. The text is illustrated with photographs both of technical interest and of aesthetic pretensions. In a concluding chapter Mr. Adams defines "straight" photography and outlines a photographer's philosophy. Unhappily the results do not coincide with his theories, and some will be disappointed that he added anything to the excellent technical treatise. For the author takes the poorest composition of all the thirty-two photographs and proceeds to show the subtlety of composition by figuring the proportions of certain arbitrarily determined distances. It is a picture of a steamer lying beside a dock; a hawser is made fast to a bollard on the wharf, behind which the camera is placed. The perspective is annoyingly steep, throwing the composition into two triangles. This obvious pattern the author, with his mathematical formulae, overlooks. Any attempt to apply this "sector relationship" composition to other pictures seems impossible, except by *a priori* juggling. Indeed, his compositions are all obvious, and this is perhaps the weakest part of his work.

Of Mr. Adams's mastery of photography, one has nothing but praise. His textural rendition is unbelievably fine. Hardly a detail escapes the camera's eye, so admirably has the photographer brought out the latent image by intelligent processing. But it must be admitted that, like Stieglitz, Mr. Adams approaches his subjects as if they were still-lives, and his work has an extraordinarily static quality, which is not necessarily a criterion of pure photography.

Readers who are themselves photographers will be interested to know that Mr. Adams's technique is very simple. He works with a

(Continued on page 512)

# *An Important Message to Members*

## **ON A NEW MEMBERSHIP PRIVILEGE**

*Now . . .*

as a special membership privilege, you are entitled to save 25 per cent on all the color reproductions you buy.\*

One-fourth of the amount you regularly pay for color prints is now returned to you, as a dividend on your membership in the Federation.

And your saving applies not only to reproductions published in America—but also on European importations.

In conjunction with this new privilege, there is an information service. For instance:

You may want to know the price of a certain print. Or the various sizes in which it is published. Or you may want to know whether there is a reproduction available of a particular subject.

Even technical questions are answered. Whatever your problem, we'll gladly assist you in every possible way.

Order your color prints from The American Federation of Arts. Through this service alone, you will be able to save the full amount of your annual dues.

---

\* Applies to prints listed for \$1 or more. On pictures selling for less than \$7.50, there is a charge of 15 cents for insurance and postage.

## **THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**

*National Headquarters in the Barr Building, Washington, D. C.*

On the next two pages, you will find a list of 75 outstanding color reproductions, American and European —————→



# *A Survey of Painting . . .*

From the Fourteenth Century to the Present Day  
in 75 Color Reproductions

FOURTEENTH CENTURY				
<i>No.</i>	<i>Artist</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Publisher</i>	<i>Price</i>
1.	Cimabue	Madonna	1	\$24
2.	Giotto	St. Francis Preaching to the Birds	1	15
3.	Daddi	Annunciation	1	15
FIFTEENTH CENTURY				
4.	Avignon School	Pieta	1	24
5.	Fra Angelico	Coronation of the Virgin	1	24
6.	Pisanello	Vision of St. Eustace	2	10
7.	Baldovinetti	Madonna	1	18
8.	Veneziano	Head of Young Woman	2	10
9.	P. della Francesca	Madonna and Child	2	18
10.	Botticelli	Primavera (Spring)	2	18
11.	Botticelli	Giovanna Tornabuoni and the Graces	2	12
12.	van Eyck	Arnolfini and His Wife	2	10
13.	van der Weyden	St. Luke Drawing the Madonna	2	10
14.	van der Goes	Adoration of the Magi	3	10
15.	Massys	Arrival in Bethlehem	4	15
SIXTEENTH CENTURY				
16.	Clouet	Elizabeth of Austria	2	7.50
17.	Durer	Apostles Paul and Mark	1	7.50
18.	Durer	Apostles John and Peter	1	7.50
19.	Durer	Adoration of the Magi	2	15
20.	Holbein	Duchess of Milan	2	10
21.	Holbein	Portrait of George Gisze	1	10
22.	Leonardo da Vinci	The Last Supper	5	12
23.	Raphael	Madonna Granduca	2	10
24.	Raphael	School of Athens	5	7.50
25.	Michelangelo	The Delphic Sibyl	6	30
26.	Michelangelo	Creation of Adam	1	18
27.	Giorgione	Madonna Enthroned	2	15
28.	Titian	Bacchus and Ariadne	2	12
29.	Titian	The Tribute Money	2	10
30.	Tintoretto	Mercury and the Graces	2	10
31.	Veronese	Crucifixion	1	20
32.	Patinir	Baptism	2	10
33.	Brueghel	The Harvesters	7	16
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY				
34.	Rubens	Garland of Fruit	1	18
35.	Rubens	Susanne Fourment	1	25
36.	van Dyck	Maria Luisa de Tassis	2	15
37.	Rembrandt	An Old Pole	2	10
38.	Rembrandt	Night Watch	1	40
39.	Ruysdael	The Mill	1	40
40.	Hals	Hille Bobbe	2	10
41.	Vermeer	The Pearl Necklace	2	12
42.	Vermeer	The Artist's Studio	2	12
43.	Terborch	The Concert	1	25
44.	Claude Lorrain	Rest on the Flight	2	10
45.	Chardin	Before School	1	25
46.	Velasquez	The Infanta Margarita Teresa	1	25
47.	Velasquez	The Surrender of Breda	1	40
48.	Goya	Queen Maria Louisa of Spain	7	16
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY				
49.	Hogarth	The Shrimp Girl	1	15
50.	Watteau	Reunion of Love	8	12
51.	Canaletto	View Looking Toward Murano	2	10

# NINETEENTH CENTURY

No.	Artist	Title	Publisher	Price
52.	Whistler	Battersea Bridge	1	\$18
53.	Homer	Nor'easter	4	18
54.	Cassatt	Young Mother Sewing	9	5
55.	Turner	The Grand Canal	4	20
56.	Rossetti	"Ecce Ancilla Domini"	2	7.50
57.	David	Mme. Recamier	1	25
58.	Manet	The Fifer	1	18
59.	Manet	Olympia	1	25
60.	Corot	Girl with Pearl	7	20
61.	Degas	Dancer on the Stage	6	7.50
62.	Daumier	Third Class Carriage	9	5
63.	Renoir	Young Girls at Piano	6	7.50
64.	Renoir	Le Moulin de la Galette	6	7.50
65.	Sisley	Loing Canal	6	7.50
66.	Seurat	Models	10	15
67.	Signac	Paris la Cite	1	18
68.	Cezanne	Landscape	11	18
69.	Cezanne	Still Life: Apples and Oranges	6	7.50
70.	Cezanne	The Old House	6	7.50
71.	Boecklin	The Isle of the Dead	3	7.50
72.	van Gogh	Cypress Landscape	7	16
73.	van Gogh	Return from the Field	7	20

# TWENTIETH CENTURY

74.	Kent	Winter in Maine	4	18
75.	Derain	The Great Pine	1	18

Key to the publishers' abbreviations:

1. Franz Hanfstaengl, Munich—American Agent, International Art Publishing Company, Detroit, Michigan.
2. Medici Society—American Agent, Hale Cushman & Flint, Boston.
3. Trowitzsch & Sohn, Frankfurt, a. m.—American Agent, International Art Publishing Company, Detroit, Michigan.
4. Raymond & Raymond, New York, New York.
5. Hoesche, Milan, Italy.
6. Braun & Cie—American Agent, E. S. Herrmann, New York, New York.
7. Rudolph Piper & Company, Munich—American Agent, Rudolph Lesch, New York, New York.
8. Moderner Kunstverlag.
9. Metropolitan Museum, New York, New York.
10. Photographische Gesellschaft (Berlin Photographic Co.)—American Agent, Rudolph Lesch, New York, New York.
11. F. Bruckmann—American Agent, Rudolf Lesch, New York, New York.

The 75 prints listed here were selected by a jury of experts. More than 200 prints were assembled in the Federation's Gallery in Washington. The jury selected the 75 best reproductions, to form *A Survey of Painting from the Fourteenth Century to the present day*.

Wherever the same subject had been published by two firms, both pictures were exhibited side by side, with the result that the better of the two was included in the final selection. In ordering the prints listed above, you are assured of having the best reproduction available.

The committee of selection included:

Dr. Leicester B. Holland, *Chief of Division of Fine Arts, Library of Congress, and Chairman, Department of Fine Arts, University of Pennsylvania.*

Professor Will Hutchins, *Professor of Fine Arts, American University.*

Duncan Phillips, *Director, Phillips Memorial Gallery.*

Grace Dunham Guest, *Assistant Curator of the Freer Gallery of Art, Smithsonian Institution.*

Professor Erwin O. Christensen, *Carnegie Lecturer on Art, Syracuse University.*

The above collection of 75 color reproductions is now available as a traveling exhibition. For complete information, write to the Exhibition Secretary, The American Federation of Arts, Barr Building, Washington.



# PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS

Philadelphia (Winter), Chester Springs, Pa. (Summer)

OLDEST fine arts schools in America. (Est. 1805.) City and Country locations; unexcelled equipment for the complete professional training of the artist. Distinguished faculty. Preliminary classes for beginners. Special evening classes. Departments of Painting, Sculpture, Illustration, Mural Painting; also a co-ordinated course with the University of Pennsylvania, B.F.A. degree. European Scholarships and other prizes.

**Philadelphia School**—Broad and Cherry Streets. Eleanor N. Fraser, Curator.

**Chester Springs Summer School**—Resident and Day students. J. T. Fraser, Jr., Curator.

Write for Booklet of School Which Interests You

## FLORENCE CANE SCHOOL OF ART

offers you

**Painting • Drawing • Lithography**  
with JEAN CHARLOT

**Creative Expression**  
with FLORENCE CANE

**Sculpture • Photography • Stage Drafting**  
**Fall Opening, September 18th**

Rockefeller Center  
R. K. O. Building New York City



## The ST. LOUIS SCHOOL of FINE ARTS

Washington University

Fall Term Begins Sept. 26 1935

Drawing, Painting, Modeling, Sculpture, Commercial Design, Magazine Illustration, Interior Decoration, Design, Costume, Weaving, Book-binding, Leather, Metal, Pottery and China, Composition, Perspective, Anatomy, Etching, History of Art.

Teachers of art may now receive B.S. degree through St. Louis School of Fine Arts in co-operation with other departments of Washington University.

For catalog write E. H. Wuerpel, Director, Room 112, Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

## NEW BOOKS ON ART

(Continued from page 509)

maximum exposure time, and reduces his diaphragm to the limit. When he makes a portrait he uses flash-bulbs in order to stop down as far as F/22. This is contrary to usual practice, but is necessitated by his mania for definition. Why it should be one of the tenets of "straight" photography that as many planes as possible should be in exact focus, has long been a puzzle to the reviewer. The marvelous power of a lens to record a single band in focus while discarding the rest is "straight," conditioned as it is by the laws of optics. One has only to go to the movies to see how effective this is as an artistic expression. For the particular subjects which Mr. Adams finds most congenial, this technique is admirable. A photograph should reveal more than the unaided eye can see, else it becomes a pale and inaccurate substitute for nature. The author's work shows the utmost detail, clarifying nature. Other fine camera work catches fleeting movement. The two are different approaches; both are valid.

Mr. Adams, in the foreword sets himself the task "... to indicate in this book the basis of 'straight' photography, and what may be achieved by simple and logical procedure of unmanipulated negatives and prints." He has succeeded well. The book will be sure to find a place not only in countless darkrooms, but also in the libraries of connoisseurs and students. The Studio is to be congratulated, as usual, on the format of the book. The tipped-in glossy plates seem at first actual photographic prints, so well has the half-tone reproduction been done.

BEAUMONT NEWHALL

## AN A-F-A VALUE BOOK

"Kenneth Hayes Miller"

by Lloyd Goodrich

Handsomely designed and printed. Substantially and attractively bound in paper boards and buckram. 64 full page gravure plates. A copy is yours for only \$3.\*\*

### THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

Barr Building, Washington

Please send me, postpaid, my copy of "Kenneth Hayes Miller." \$3 is enclosed.\*\*

Name .....

Address .....

\*\* Send only \$2.70 if you are a Member of the Federation.



# THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

General Offices: 801 Barr Building, Washington, D. C.

## HONORARY OFFICERS

ELIHU ROOT, *Honorary President*

### *Honorary Vice-Presidents*

Edwin H. Blashfield, New York	Templeton Crocker, San Francisco	Edgar L. Hewett, Santa Fé
Howell C. Brown, Pasadena	William O. Goodman, Chicago	Frank G. Logan, Chicago
Andrew W. Mellon, Pittsburgh	Geo. Dudley Seymour, New Haven	

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS

### *To Serve to 1936*

Robert Woods Bliss, Washington  
Morse A. Cartwright, New York  
Mrs. Murray S. Danforth, Providence  
Florence N. Levy, New York  
Olive M. Lyford, New York  
George F. Zook, Washington

### *To Serve to 1937*

Royal Bailey Farnum, Providence  
Frederick P. Keppel, New York  
Jonas Lie, New York  
Mrs. Eugene Meyer, Washington  
William M. Milliken, Cleveland  
Duncan Phillips, Washington  
Henry A. Wallace, Washington  
F. A. Whiting, Washington

### *To Serve to 1938*

Herbert Adams, New York  
Dwight Clark, Washington  
Arnold Bennett Hall, Washington  
Everett V. Meeks, New Haven  
George Hewitt Myers, Washington  
Henry M. Wriston, Appleton  
C. C. Zantzinger, Philadelphia  
Philip N. Youtz, Brooklyn

## OFFICERS

FREDERIC ALLEN WHITING, *President*

ROBERT WOODS BLISS, *1st V.-Pres.*    C. C. ZANTZINGER, *2nd V.-Pres.*    ARNOLD BENNETT HALL, *3rd V.-Pres.*

DWIGHT CLARK, *Treasurer*  
GEORGE F. ZOOK, *Secretary*

A. M. PETERSON, *Assistant Treasurer*  
FRANCES M. HENDERSON, *Assistant Secretary*

## SERVICES

### Publications

The American Magazine of ART. Monthly, illustrated. 25th year. \$5 a year.  
The American Art Annual. 36th year. \$6 a volume.  
Who's Who in American Art. 1st year. \$8 a volume.

### Educational

Circuit exhibitions. Illustrated lectures. Advisory service. Package library. Special projects.

### Book Sales

Available publications supplied members at a 10 percent discount (subject to code rules).

### Conventions and Conferences

Annual Convention, Washington.  
Occasional regional conferences.

*Information about chapter and individual memberships furnished on application to  
The American Federation of Arts, Barr Building, Farragut Square, Washington, D.C.*



In the last analysis, style is the imprint  
on artistic expression of a point of view,  
be it the point of view of an individual,  
an epoch, or a race.

CHARLES R. MOREY